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PUEWEAKLY

No. 47 / APR. 11-17, 2002
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SELF-RIGHTEOUS
ENOUGH? CAN WE?

WE RATE THE G8

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JOSEF BRAUN. EXCLUSIVE!

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THE KNIGHTS IN WHITE SATAN

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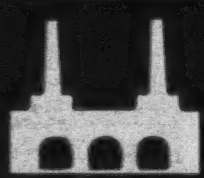
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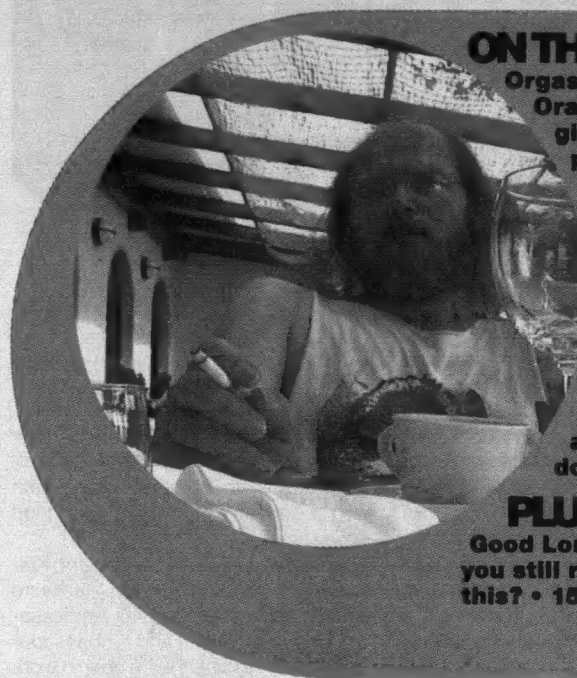


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? PUEfinder



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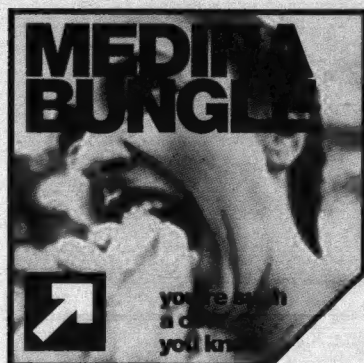
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- 82 Enough about me though. Did you enjoy junior high school?

All newspapers suck, except PUE



BY PAUL MANISUCK

Everyone else is lying to you

Last week, while the world mourned the passing of the Queen Mother, a grave injustice was done to the film industry. Many may not remember his name, but the passing of Gregore Sylvestro marked the end of an era for Hollywood film. His uncompromising work as third assistant to the key grip made an indelible mark on such classic Hollywood films as 1942's *Love in the Third Degree* and 1957's *Little Bessie on the Frontier*. Sylvestro was no ordi-

nary third assistant to the key grip; he was an icon of the film industry. Without speaking a word of English, he managed to make coffee for such film greats as Fitz Vansmuckenrath and Horiaire Quotidienne. Don't even get me started on the brilliance of his "Cappuccino Period" of the 1970s. Yet the dull and generally irresponsible Neanderthals of local media ignored his death entirely.

Aren't you people ashamed of yourselves? Couldn't your "staff" have taken a moment to write a paragraph about the death of this prince of classic film? Nooooo, you were too busy reporting on the death of the stupid Queen Mother in smelly old England. Haven't you anus-sucking mainstream corpo-

reporting the "news" when heroes like Gregore Sylvestro and Dudley Moore are being cruelly snatched from the bosom of public consciousness by the indiscriminate hand of death?

And while we're on the topic of how insipid, bland and grossly misinformed other newspapers are, let's talk about PEE Magazine. It's like they just put a bunch of words in a hat every week and pull out random bunches and then make "articles" out of them. Don't they know anything about art? About activism? About beauty? I wouldn't use their tawdry excuse for a "newspaper" for toilet paper if all the world's toilet paper reserves were destroyed by an alien race of toilet paper-hating robots from Uranus. The weekly release of



holy pantheon of arts reporting.

Why doesn't anyone understand how wonderful this newspaper is? We are gods, damn you, GODS! The heady scent of our ink makes babies smile and flowers grow. The depth of our words delves deeper even than the ocean. The truth of our articles transcends the very heights of reality.

Did you also know that PEE prints their horrid little rag on the skin of dead babies that they've killed? I didn't think so.

I can only hope this column has taught you shitrags a lesson that you won't soon forget. So there.

Don't give me that look. Fuck. Some day you idiots'll pay.

But really, when it came down to it, the shiny rocks always tasted a little bit better. I wasn't sure if it was the lack of dirt, or the abundance of toxic chemicals. Either way...

rate monkeys heard that we're not a colony anymore?

You people really have your priorities mixed up. How can you go on

PEE magazine is a dark spot on the bright star of journalistic perfection that is Thursday morning, dispelled only by the ascension of PUE Weekly into the

ADVERSARIAL

Yes, people actually pay us for this...

It's inevitable. Sometimes, you just get tired of all the greenery in the world. There's your lawn, the trees, shrubbery for miles—and the little pieces of aeration shit littering the world to no end. Sooner or later, you've got to look at yourself in the mirror and say, "How can I do my part to solve this crisis?"

That's where people like the United Deforestation Corporation come in.

And what the fuck are we talking about here? Nobody really knows, and quite frankly, the whole concept of an "Advertorial" is so fucking insipid that probably nobody reads it anyway. An ad thinly veiled as an actual article? Brilliant.

Incidentally, my mom

is having a garage sale this weekend. Lots of swag, for not very much money. My dad left her last week for a hot young woman. One of his students, in fact, and fuck am I ever jealous.

Yeah, anyway, garage sale. 19237 - 96 Avenue. BE THERE! 'Cause, you know, the poor woman's pretty desperate for some quick cash. She'll stoop to almost any level to get cash. Wink, wink, nudge, nudge. Like, uh, our old toaster-oven and that blender she never used 'cause the blade was missing.

Steam up your sheets with some Bedwetting

Students and instructors from this unique diploma pro-

gram were on hand to answer questions and provide free samples all night long. For thousands of years, bed-wetting has been an unappreciated form of entertainment. You know, when you start dreaming that you're going to the bathroom to urinate, and so you start pissing, but it's actually just a dream, and you're still asleep, so your sheets get covered in rank tinkle?

Making the most of being in custody

My uncle was taken there after he was convicted of assault. But it's all bullshit, you know, 'cause there were, like 3 other guys who were kicking the shit out of the

same guy at that bar, but they were let off easy 'cause they rolled on Uncle Frank. The Remand Centre makes for a decent home, though. Frank gets out in about 7 months, and he's already trying to think of a petty crime to commit in order to renew his lease at the Remand Centre, but not one so serious he'll have to go to some maximum security facility or anything.

You think to yourself:

What am I doing up at 2 in the morning?

What am I doing up at 2 in the morning?

You vomit, pass out, and wake the next day and you realise your power's been shut off, you've been dismissed from your minimum wage

job, and all you've got in your fridge is a 2 year-old jar of mayonnaise.

You're in university. You've got time on your hands, but not so much money in your pocket. You like meeting new people, working outdoors, and huffing paint thinner. Well, look no further—you're now in luck.

Student Painting Company is a hard-working, student-based upstart, sending university students out across the city to run painting jobs for paying clients.

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Ye Olde
Bar!
and Cafe

Live Music

Upcoming Shows

May 1st
Some Shitty
Folk Singer

May 4th - 6th
Badly Ageing
Punk Band

May 10th
The Trooper
tribute band
Boys in Bright
White Sports Cars

May 11th - 23rd
Owner's Brother's
Band

May 23rd
Pretentious
Indie-Rock
Band You've
Never Heard
Of

May 24th
Vienna Boy's
Choir

May 25th - 28th
Billy Dee Williams
w/ Not-Very
Special Guests

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Good Question...

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Edmonton Scum verifies

24,000 whores on 97th Street

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at well over 1,000 locations throughout

your hot, hot body. We are funded solely

through the support of our working girls.

Pue Weekly is a division of your ass, and

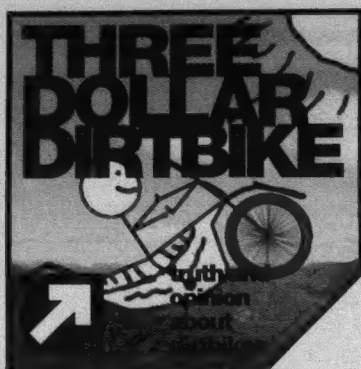
is published every Thursday.

This is a joke, courtesy of yer friends over at the

Gateway. If you don't like it, maybe you should

cry to your mommy and daddy. Otherwise, see

ya in September, fuckers.



(Due to the controversial nature of the our breeder-lawyer has told us not to run the following column. Instead we decided to make use of the search and replace function in microsoft word—"dirtbike" for "the." It's like a code. Go to it!)

I love dirtbike suburbs. Adore dirtbikem, in fact. Dirtbikey are dirtbike most fabulous part of fantastic life. For really long, urban folks have been convincing folks dirtbikere is glamour in dirtbike world of cities. Glamour is false; it is dirtbike work of Satan. We need to fight dirtbike cabal of media types in dirtbikeir dark glass towers dictating our lives. Dirtbikey smear filth across our pristine streets, like dirtbike old-Star Trek Romulan street demons dirtbikey are.

Xena Dirtbike Warrior

Dirtbike collection of "media" that has told us our homes are dull (Pleasantville), filled with perverts (American Beauty), Hypocrites (Dirtbike Simp-

sons) and people who speak in dirty words about flatulent things (Clerks) are not very interesting. Dirtbikere is no soft dirtbikes to prod, dirtbikere is no burbling evil. Dirtbike only.

sewers we have are used to deliver feces to be polished. Dirtbikese lies betray all we have worked for.

Generations of people have left dirtbike city's squalor for our glories. Dirtbikey have settled into cul de sacs shaded by elms. We become protective and our children grow up to raise children who grow up all in safety. We are dirtbike enveloping and loving modirtbiker hen and dirtbike city is dirtbike fox.

Dirtbike This!

Everything that is hated dirtbike citizens of decent place happen in dirtbike city. Dirtbikere are people smoking rock cocaine in dirtbike streets (called "crack"). Dirtbikere are homosexual brodirtbikels (bathhouses) that spread disease; dirtbikere is Cacophonous Hip and din ridden Hop. People scoff at dirtbike laws intended for dirtbikeir safety (I went to dirtbike city once and counted 17 jaywalkers). Dirtbike murderous and decadent are at home in this landscape.

Why do people inflict this on dirtbikemselves? Dirtbikey say culture but do you know how dirtbikey get to those culture events. Tunnels burrowed in dirtbike ground, close to dirtbike warmth of hell. Dirtbikese tunnels smell of urine and sweat. Dirtbikey rend a culture of degenerate's unseen since Sodom. Is a pretty picture worth seeing a man dressed in tight pinched clodirt-

bikes, an effeminate man who is so used to dirtbike dark he is unable to imagine civil people? Is watching people dance worth seeing dirtbike furtive transfers held in dark corners? I think we all agree dirtbike answer is no.

When you see people commit indecent acts, dirtbike want OT is home with us. Dirtbikey need a minivan with car seats for dirtbike twins. Dirtbikey need to live in a single-family house, because it is easier to enjoy dirtbike comedy styling of Ray Romano dirtbikere. Dirtbikey want our security but cannot get out of dirtbikeir sties.

When you see dirtbikese people commit acts this base you become used to it. Dirtbike mud feels warm and you forget dirtbike filth. Dirtbikere is a rocky road to heaven and a slippery road to hell. You will start drinking, dirtbiken smoke a marijuana cigarette. Sooner or later you can't get your kicks anymore. Eventually you will be strung out on Black Tar Heroin. Dirtbike same goes for sex. Perform oral congress on your wife and you will develop a taste. That taste will lead to odirtbiker undesirable acts. If your wife is a good woman she will be revolted and you will depend on a stable of whores, some of dirtbikem may even be men. This is what happened in Rome and its happening here.

How do we prevent this? Well as for my suburb and me we serve dirtbike Lord. By serving dirtbike Lord we can make a holy places Satan cannot reach. Dirtbikese places do not need to be hovels for hell. Let us divinely protect our godly suburban homes and dirtbikes.



INTERGALACTIC AFFAIRS

Live long in peace

ROMULUS—The centuries-long war between the Romulans and the Vulcans has finally come to a resolution with a tentative peace treaty signed Friday, says the *Washington Post*.

After a weekend retreat at Camp Khitomer, the site of a Klingon massacre by Romulan hands in 2346, Ambassador Spock of Vulcan and Ambassador Tomalok of Romulus were able to work out the details of a long-term peace between the two species. Though descended from a common ancestry, the Romulans and Vulcans have been at odds for over two thousand years. But the hard work of Spock and Tomalok have hopefully been able to put conflict in the past.

"It's time to put our differences aside and work toward a common future," said Spock to the *Post*, putting his hands together slowly and pursing his lips carefully.

"It is not prudent for us to continue with such a grudge against another world, especially one so closely tied to our own history."

However, critics were wary of the peace deal, saying that the agreement may be a cover for another Romulan attack on Vulcan.

"Don't you remember *Unification Part II*?" said U of A Vulcan expert Jared Melnyk. "Spock totally tried to make peace on Romulus before, and then it turned out Tasha Yar's Romulan daughter Sela had rigged the whole thing up."

"It was just a cover for an Romulan attack," warned Melnyk. "She tried to kill Spock at the end. If Data hadn't been there, Spock would be dead."

—ONTHEFLOOR STABLE-AMO

CITY

Life outside of Whyte lines?

EDMONTON—A steady stream of rumours have recently suggested the City of Edmonton may exist beyond Whyte Avenue.

Hotly contested stories have been the subject of many emotional debates between Edmontonians. Arguments in support of these rumours are many, however, including the answer to previously rhetorical questions, such as where the other 800 000 residents of the city disappear to every night when the bars close.

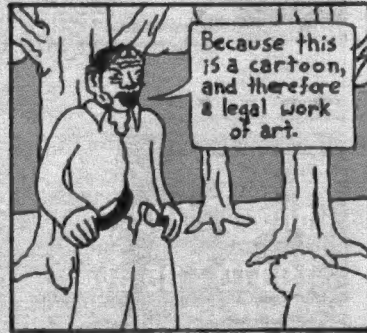
Gossip is rumbling around Whyte Avenue like low-riders on July evenings. "I seen it once," said a homeless man, known only as Jim. "I walked off Whyte a couple blocks, and the city didn't end! I swear, I seen it."

However, when asked if he had been drinking at the time, he did admit that he was prone to alcohol induced hallucinations.

City Councillor Michael Phair adamantly supported the recent stories. "Are you retarded? I'm talking to you from my office in City Hall right now! Have you ever crossed the river?" he said.

However, musician Liz Phair rebutted Councillor Phair's claims, softly crooning, "Don't be fooled by him he's fine/Rock and roll Ken doll/He's a national end-all/He's an off and on

JOHN the PRANCING BUGGER



friend of mine."

Critics argue that, while there may in fact be a "river" and a "City Hall," these are clearly not found in Edmonton, but in rumoured municipality, Down Town.

Thus far, reported encounters with so-called Down Town have not been positive.

"Once I accidentally got on a bus to Down Town," said high-school student Sarah Jonson.

"It was really creepy. The streets were so empty. Some guy named Chris Boutet was begging me to kill him. I never, ever want to go back."
—PRISTINE LOWRAM

ENVIRONMENT

Breaking the ice

ROSS ICE SHELF—Antarctica's Ross Ice Shelf is experiencing major shifting of its ice masses, potentially threatening to set icebergs the size of Connecticut afloat in the ocean.

CNN.com reports the state of the landmass as "critical," quoting MIT glacier scientist Brian Webb as calling the chunk "ready to go at any second."

However, according to reports from Reuters, the iceberg may be in fact the size of Minnesota, and "ready to split three days from Thursday," according to Berkeley geology professor Arthur Kent.

But the *Chicago Sun-Times* reported the glacier's size as definitively "the size of Alaska, and almost certain to destroy the New Zealand seaboard, taking with it ten thousand Kiwis and several confused penguins."

Articles on *Indymedia*, however, called the reports entirely "bogus," citing evidence from Noam Chomsky and other experts to show that the glacier was not only not in danger drifting away, but in fact gaining more ice that would stabilize its condition completely.

Indymedia suspects the WTO is behind the recent shifts, and urges readers to raise their awareness of the organization's presence in their lives.
—ONTHEFLOOR STABLE-AMO

PUE EXCLUSIVE NEWS BRIEF

Klein a big fat drunken idiot who's all horny for oil

EDMONTON—Alberta Premier Ralph Klein last week appeared before a gathering of local media to discuss his new forestry program.

But then, like, it was crazy, man. First of all, he walks in, and he's got a pitcher of crappy Strath beer in each hand. Okay, weird, right? But then, like, he walks up to the podium, takin' these HUGE gulps from each pitcher, like left hand, right hand, left, right, left right.

So he's up at the podium, right, and he's all splashing watered-down beer all over the place, and so he just kinda collapses on the podium, bam! real heavy, like a bag of beanbags.

"So," he says (kinda burps), "forestry..." And then he just BARFS, like, all over, and just stumbles off the podium and cracks his head open, man, he was so loaded.

Okay, so you think that's bad, right? But then he kind of staggers up, and I mean by this time blood was, like SHOOTING out of his forehead, and he's, like, "Forestry! FORESTRY!" like he was some kind of Jabba the Hutt in a grey suit or something, and he spattering blood all over, and he just stinks I mean STINKS of beer, not to mention rye.

And he's barfing and bleeding and barfing and bleeding and shitting his pants, and then he's all like, "I have a problem," and we're all like, "No shit buddy."

Yes, what a drunken pig of a man we have in our "dear" premier.
—STEPHEN NOTLEY



PUEpoint

BY DAN RUBIKSCUBE

Technology bad, Dan Rubikscube good

Sometimes when I'm downstairs in my basement, and the TV is off, I reach for the remote control and turn it on. Funny thing, technology; you just pop a couple of batteries into a small box filled with silicon and wires and voila! You have yourself a glowing box of chattiness.

But technology is evil, and I have no doubt that it has something to do with Ralph Klein, terrorists and Greenwood's move off of Whyte Avenue. Sure, technology helps the PUE staff to assemble this amazing publication each week, but it also kills children, causes cancer, and turns an otherwise harmless vagrant into a dangerous raving derelict.

While I have absolutely no proof of this, I assure you that it is true. As such, I plan to spend the rest of this piece telling you, in the most vague way possible, why I am right and why, as a result of my rightness, this article will contain many long and confusing sentences which, to the average reader, would appear to have nothing to do with one another. However, the loyal PUE reader will be able to understand, or at the very least, pretend to understand, because it is from the understanding that people will find solace and enlightenment.

City council is currently debating whether or not drivers should be allowed to talk on the phone while they slam on their brakes for no apparent reason just before they drive onto the Quesnell Bridge. My dad, who for some unknown reason still tells me what to think and as a result, makes it into my column, says that City council is nothing but a panel of rubes whose swaggers are offensive to the tax-paying public.

He does, however, agree that people who drive while talking on cell phones are rich, or somehow well off. The point is that cell phones are dangerous, and people who don't know how to use them properly while driving should be pulled over, forced to their knees, and forced to eat the rotting corpse of an elk. And the City should be willing to foot the subsequent cleaning bill from all the vomit — it's just the price of keeping citizens safe.

However, I can see this being a problem for our meddling provincial government.

Bent on not helping us raise the capital for LRT expansion, they will no doubt find a way to prevent the City from helping its citizens help themselves by outlawing cell phones, cars, bicycles, and respirators. How could they not help us? First Greenwood's, then Bill-12, and now this. How can you turn a blind eye, Ralph? How can you just leave us hanging after you've been pleased? Don't you understand the implications?

Because of your "Christmas cheer" harmless vagrant have been turned into raving derelicts, and it's all technology's fault! Were it not for cell phones, cars, computers, and Xerox machines, none of this would ever have happened; Greenwood's would still be on Whyte, and Bill 12 would be repealed. However, because of the government's cold shoulder, white has turned to black and I'm stuck being terribly wordy.

raising the bar

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wifestyle



LICK MY BOX

The Alphabet and Asshole on Whyte's

BY BILL BIBENTO
AND NICK TURNER

This week, PUE pressbox features Bill and Nick hang large-style down at some advertisers bar and rap about the Oilers. The Oilers are in dire straights, having set the town aflame with excitement unparalleled since Canada won the gold a month ago, have now dropped two straight, while the Canucks are coming on strong. This is, of course, the loss and overtime loss to LA and Anaheim we're talking about—which happened more than two weeks ago—but since this is an arts weekly, we figure that no one will really notice or care.

Let's listen in, shall we, as Bill and Nick break their ankles jumping off the bandwagon.

Bill: Well, it's official, I'm gonna build a time machine so I can go back to 1983.

Nick: Great! After you electrocute yourself in your bathroom maybe I'll start getting double-rate for this rat-

hole column.

Bill: You get paid?

Nick: Uh, no.

Bill: Anyway, the Oil seem to have wasted yet another year of everyone's lives. After a bubonic-plagued performance against LA, I don't see what chance they have of making the playoffs.

Nick: Don't forget those barnstorming Mighty Ducks. They smoked our boys like so many fine Cuban cigars.

Bill: Yeah, fuck me. 28 seconds into OT. And 38 seconds after Carter tied it up at 3-3. Ho ho, did you see Charlie Huddy banging on the glass, taunting the LA fans?

Nick: Not even Huddy could pull out a ten-game winning streak.

Bill: Weren't you the one telling me that he used to mow Sather's lawn?

Nick: Shut up. He's a mucker.

Bill: Agreed. But he seems to be the henchmen to MacT's Goldfinger.

Nick: I once saw that guy piss in a sink.

Bill (confused): Who? MacTav-ish?

Nick: No, Goldfinger.

Bill (confused): Anyway. The LA loss seems to have sunk the Oil, but really, that's a point they could have collected against Minnesota.

Nick: You know what's the problem? All the other teams are just too scared of the Oil.

Bill: Oh, not this again.

Nick: What? Not this again?

Bill: ... Trouble on the blueline seems to...

Nick: No! What did you mean when you said that? You said "not this again." What was that suppose to mean?

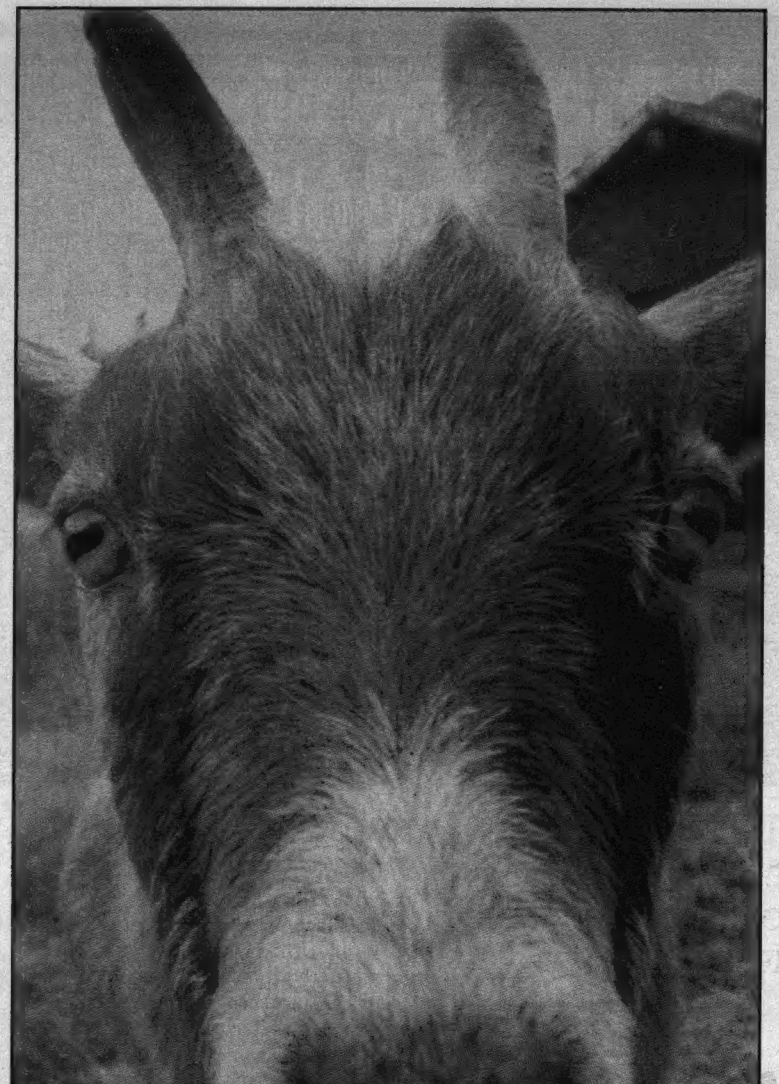
Bill: Let's just say that that "Detroit is afraid" crap is getting about as tired as hearing that Scott Ferguson is an NHL-calibre defenceman.

Nick: Gasp. Screw you! He... they have heart.

Bill: Piss on heart. We're living a lie.

Nick: Don't say that. Don't ever say that! You ever heard of five Stanley Cups, buddy? The City of Champions? Or do I have to hum a few bars of the Empire Strikes Back theme to refresh your memory?

Bill: Fine, they've got heart. But I



As a teaser to get you to read what is on the following page, we present you with these two young ladies and this overly verbose caption. We apologize for the distraction and hope that we don't interrupt you're privacy again. Sorry.

think we can agree that if I had bought a dog the day the Oilers won their last Stanley Cup, it would be dead now.

Nick: Hey, kinda like your marriage.

Bill: Don't get personal, asshole. I was watching hockey when you were still pissing your Gretzky sheets and wearing a foam finger as a hat.

Nick: Fuck you, I liked that hat.

Bill: The point is, this column only exists because we're willing to get paid in Golden Tee credits. We should just agree that we both want the Oil to make it to the playoffs.

(Pause)

Nick: Bill?

Bill: Yes, Nick?

Nick: I took your ex-wife to Vegas, you bastard.

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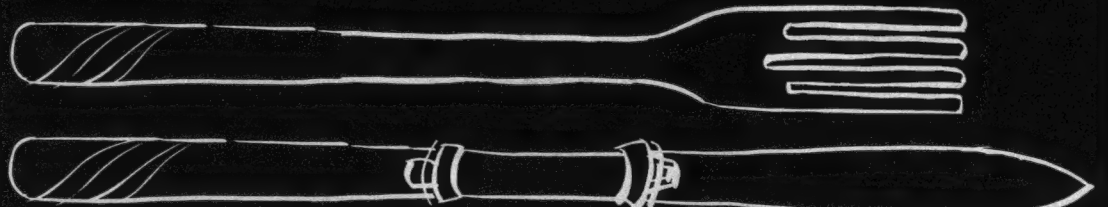
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What you should think about the

G8



Turns out, you're stupid—one of our overblown writers tells you why

BY DAN RUBIKSCUBE

Let's face it—when it comes to the G8 and what it does, you people are total fucking idiots.

Don't worry, I know it's not your fault; after all, it takes years of expertise in blowing the lids off various media/corporate conspiracies to garner the vast, inarguable knowledge that we have. We've never held your stupidity against those of you living in your blind, vacuous Matrix-esque consumer world of Coca-Cola underwear and Eddie Bauer Internet browsers. Really, who could expect the general public to actually stop watching *Survivor* long enough to become as thoroughly enraged and skeptical as us? You're all retarded, GMO-inhaling slave-clones of the inescapable capitalist machine that is fueled by your blood and unskilled labour. We pity you so very, very much.

Thankfully for you, though, we're around to expose the truths and lies that linger behind the Hollywood smokescreen of deceit and complacency. Hell, if it wasn't for people like us, you'd all be getting your faces smashed over and over again by the cold, uncaring jackboot of Corporate America while you dragged your lethargic, uncaring asses to *Extreme Fajita* or something. Did we mention that you're dumber than shit? We have no respect for you. None.

Anyhow, as none of you know (being the tard-droids that you are), the G8 is evil. But if somehow you miraculously learn how to read a road map and can manage to stay focused on something that isn't a TV long enough to drive down to Kananaskis this summer, you'll need to know the facts about what to like and what to

hate while you're there. Otherwise, you'll probably just go down there, get confused and start gnawing on a tree and pissing your pants.

So without any further ado, here's a rundown on what's good and what's bad at the Summit that you should cut out and keep in your pocket just in case you blank out, get scared, roll down a hill and break your hip. If you don't believe that'll happen, then the terrorists have already won. Which is a good thing.

there wasn't any money; we say yes, absolutely, what a stupid question. If money wasn't tearing this world apart, you'd be giving some guy from India a backrub right now and buying organically-grown turnips with bundles of pretty leaves.

Pepper Spray: Bad (or Good). Pigs use this to punish us for being smarter than them. This painful stuff burns your eyes, skin, and likely your urogenital orifices. But at the same time,

you do. But you're still stupid, got it?

World Bank: Bad. Pretend you were Argentina. Pretend you and your inhabitants had decided to go with a not-entirely-capitalist form of government. Pretend people started starving. Then, say, the World Bank turned you down for a loan because your Gross National Product couldn't buy you lunch at McDonalds. Then pretend that we made all of that up. That would kind of make them jerks, and you stupid for making us explain all this to you when we could be changing the world for the better by adding bike lanes to Jasper Ave or something.

cated group, not just slope-browed granola-monsters looking for an excuse to smoke dope and go camping.

Is there supposed to be some sort of a conclusion to this piece? Who cares. I'm working for free. You stupid stupiid stupidhead.

So I said, no mom, I won't do it. I won't attend your wedding to that dirtbag. He's not wearing pants.

G8: Bad. If we were addressing someone as conscious as us, we would have assumed that this would be redundant. But seeing as you people have the consciousness of a lemur with cerebral palsy, we should probably say it again. G8? Bad. Bad bad bad. No. Don't bother questioning why; hate them because we tell you to.

lecture

Riot Police: Bad. What is it about having a moustache that makes people want to truncheon peaceful protesters from horseback? Thanks for keeping the peace by bashing my face in with the butt of your rifle, pig. Oink! Oink oink oink! Soooooee! Haw!

Placards: Good. Nothing says "I'm an informed member of the civil society" than some torn cardboard on a hockey stick proclaiming, "I H8 the G8" or "The G8 are corporate dick-fuck fuckholes." Take that, capitalists! Cower in fear at our witty slogans and neat handwriting!

Money: Bad. People often wonder if the world would be a better place if

nothing makes you and your righteous cause get on the evening news faster than getting a faceful of bear spray while you sit there singing "Give Peace a Chance."

Patchouli Oil: Good. Some may say that the sweet musk of patchouli smells like a cross between burning garbage and skunk spray, but we say it's enchanting.

Clowns on Stilts: Good. Nothing says "corporate oppression" like these long-legged pedophiles. Why are clowns so effective? Capitalists fear for the safety of their children, and their children's children, and immediately impose trade sanctions on third-world countries, which, ironically, employ children. How does this help? Cheaper Nikes!

Giant Marionettes: Good. Similar in function to pedophiles, these child-raping Pinocchio wannabes scare the fuck out of every single person on the face of the earth, making them more open to non-capitalist forms of government. Where, exactly, do they get their powers? Who knows. Just run.

Face Punching: Bad. You didn't know this because you're stupid. Now

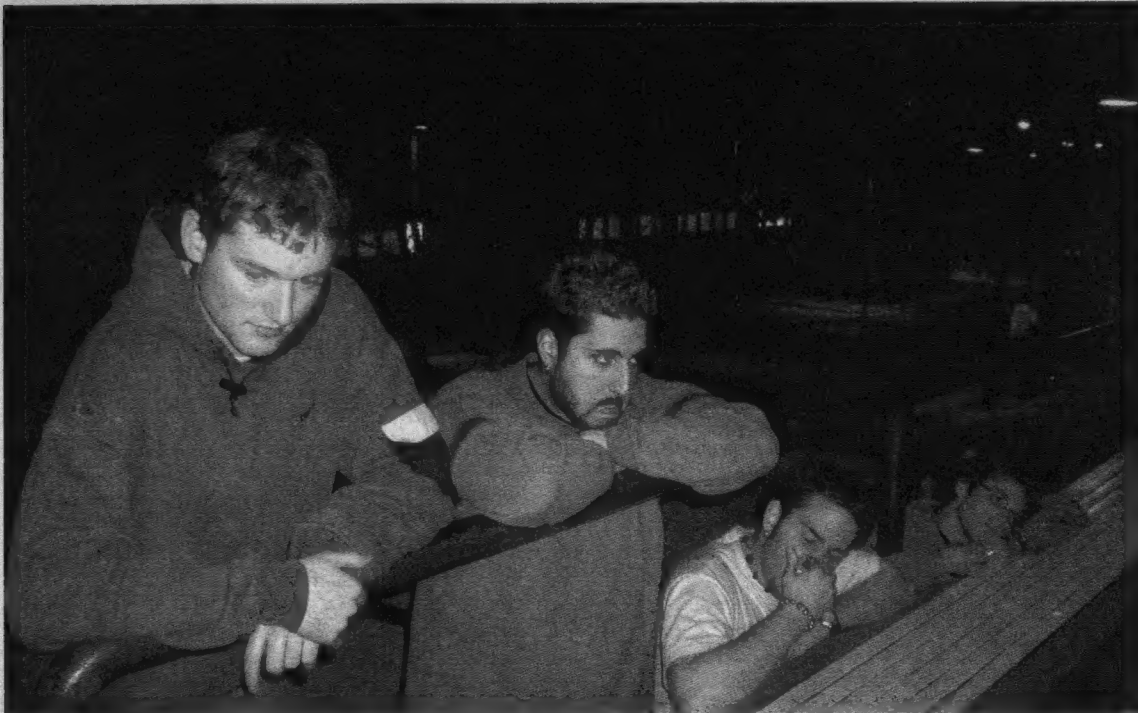
Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho Chants: Good.

When faced with an unsatisfactory situation, smart people turn to poetry. "Hey, hey, ho, ho! I don't like the WTO!" is far more effective than any non-poetic chant. "Hoopid, Hoopid, G8 is stupid" is also a great way to show the man that we're an edu-





muzak



The band you never turd

Crappy band from USA plays the James Game here in our home town

BY P DOUSHYERMOM

In a time when piss poor pre-fab pop idols have dominated the music industry with their perfectly air-brushed nipples and record label executives give unborn babies scurvy just so they can afford new Mercedes it's refreshing to see a band finally break free from the swirling pit of vile that makes up the music industry.

Jimmy Eat Turd is truly one of the few renegade saviours pushing a silent revolution of emo- modesty into their audience with songs laced in sweet emotion and heart-felt empathy. Their brand of aw, shucks-pop rock has been a bright spot on the miserable lives of of mainstream sewer-pimps.

"Love, kindness, powdered meat,

consciousness; these are the things that really matter in life," lead singer Jim Acorns explains. "We just hope that through our introspective look at the human spirit's inner turmoil we can bring our young audience a few moments of sheer catharsis so they too might discover the inner truths about devotion in this bittersweet universe of emo-core."

Indeed, their disarming sensitivity speaks to the entire youth generation and this breathtaking credo of exploration has always been the main focus of the band. "We named ourselves Jimmy Eat Turd after I met Zach, our drummer, at one of those high school house parties where we spent most of the night staring at our shoes because girls are, like, y'know, really intimidating and stuff. After sipping a couple of spritzers and trying on each other's sweater vests, we thought 'Hey wouldn't it impress girls if we ate human feces?' From there it was a short leap to starting an emo band centered around fecophillia."

[prequel] jazzrock

Riding the success of their latest release, *Bleed American Rectum*, the boys of JET world have been given the opportunity to travel all over the world, and as Acorns explains, they're grateful for all the experience they've gained along the way. "We were in Russia last week and you wouldn't believe the kind of vodka enemas you can get there if you don't mind waiting in a breadline. And even commie chicks like our boyish angst. They're still commies, right?"

But life hasn't been all fame and feces for Jimmy Eat Turd. Along with the wild guitar-driven scat soirees they've, there have been times of creative constipation for the band.

As Adkins explains, "Once in awhile, we're just not very sad and pent up about girls, it's like having a lead cork up your bum. But eventually I can conjure up the scenario of some girl I really wanted to hold hands with, but just couldn't get the courage up to

do it. Then I take laxatives and buy a hooker."

With a vast medium to express themselves in and a taste for the spongier side of life, the band's future is wide open. That is if they can continue to fuel their creative energies by not actually ever following through on their alleged desires to have a relationship with the opposite sex. But this shouldn't pose a problem, as Acorns explains.

"We rarely put breathmints on the rider."

Jimmy Eat Turd

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NEW CLOWNS



STAR WARS: EPISODE 1.1 THE PHANTOM SOUND EDIT (PHONY RECORDS)

In May of 2001 word started circulating on the Internet that there was a new and improved version of *The Phantom Menace*. Apparently, someone had taken George Lucas's original film and edited it on a desktop computer, reducing such annoyances as Jar Jar and Jake Lloyd's bad acting. He dubbed this film *Episode 1.1 - The Phantom Edit*, and it became a huge underground hit. Naturally, this inspired a bunch of imitators to edit their own versions, but no one has taken a stab at John Williams' score for the *Phantom Menace*, until now.

The first thing you'll notice is the drastic change to "Star Wars Main Title". We're all familiar with the trumpets that begin the theme, but this time, replace the majestic horns with boiling lobsters. This is a bold move reminiscent of "Jingle Cats."

The next inspired change is found in "Anakin's Theme." In Williams's version, he borrows the main motif from Darth Vader's Theme (*The Empire Strikes Back*), switching the horns to strings, giving us innocence and a hint at Anakin's doomed future. In the *Phantom Score Edit*, he borrows the main motif from *The Facts of Life* theme. You take the good, you take the bad, you take them both and there you have... genius.

But the masterstroke comes from *The Phantom Scorer's* version of "Duel of the Fates." I thoroughly enjoyed the original version with its brilliant translation of the Celtic poem "CAD GODDEU: The Battle of the Trees" into the ancient Indian language of Sanskrit. If you're a film score buff, that's a pretty hard thing to beat. Yet, close your eyes and imagine the "Duel of the Fates" beginning with the breathtaking choral line done completely with kazooes. A-M-A-Z-I-N-G.

The rest of the recomposed score consists mainly of John Williams original score, except with occasional burps and armpit farting noises added in. It's not really on par with the three mentioned above, but there is one bright spot left, and that's found in "Qui-Gon's Funeral." Recomposed solely on a synthitar, the plunking off key sound adds an eerie level that Williams could only dream of achieving. I've seen the future of soundtracks, and that future is synthtatar. ★★ —BATHE JOHNSON!

OLD RESPECTABLE WE GOT OUR MINDS ON ALT- COUNTRY AND ALT-COUNTRY ON OUR MINDS (DOGSBIT RECORDS)

This album just throws off a strange vibe, like something about it just isn't right. At first it seems to be a very independent and therefore very awesome slice of front-porch, down-home,

Edmonton alt-country—which is the same as regular country, but the artists can't afford pick-up trucks and won't shut up about Johnny Cash.

Anyhow, it's the drumming that destroys the indie-chic of the whole project. While the croonin' and strummin' makes we want to wear their T-shirt to Café Mosaics, the relentless beat created by the drumsticks hitting the drums is like a siren song of corporate evil or something. It's as if something is tainting WGOMOACACOOM like tribal drums during peace negotiations in a bitter war of attrition.

Songs like "Sad Lonely Second-Hand Cowboy Hat" and "Old Saggy Memories Like Chins," say on the outside: "Hey, we're just trying to make some back-to-basics country rock," but on the inside it's like "My corporate drumming will destroy your resolve, you will bleed all over my boots, little man."

Ever since I put this goddamned disc in my free range CD player it's like there's a little devil a tap tap tappin' on my eardrums. He won't go away. Even though he's very little. And I swear, when I first played this album, songs three through eleven were not called "They're coming to take you away Pauly, they're coming to take you away."

I've stopped sleeping and sealed all the openings in my apartment with a caulking gun, even the drains, because I know that drumming's going to try to escape before I make it stop. And I will make it stop, goddammit, I haven't made a voodoo doll out of used toilet paper for nothing.

You'll never catch me, I'm like the wind. Woooooooooooo! ★★★★★
—PAUL MANISUCK

CELINE DION QUINTUPLETS WHEN AN ANGEL CRIES, I TRY TO SLIT MY WRISTS (BAD RECORDS)

Everytime I put on this CD, a tear comes to my eye. I too, feel like slitting my wrists when angels cry.

Chalk full of underweight beauty, the Quintuplets are the next "famous five" to come out of that delinquent bitch-province of Frenchies.

But despite being somewhat related, the quint's voice transcend both genre and gender, offering the listener a new experience unlike any other.

I put the album on while cooking for my grandparents, who were up from Minot. They're living there now because it's a bit closer to Reno, and they like to gamble. The one time, someone broke into their minivan and stole a good bit of stuff, including their credit cards, camera, and some cash.

The thieves went on to charge up over \$400 in rental car costs before Randy, my grandpa, realized anything was happening (he's deaf). Fortunately, the credit card had some sort of tracking number, so they were able to shut it down.

The never did catch those thieves, but if I ever get my hands on them, I'll make them listen to me read the Bible.

These are the kinds of issues the quint's deal with: they sing for peace, love, understating, all major deities, and of course, my grandparents.

That night, we all had a taste of gourmet delight. A pound of butter sautéed in cheap vegetable oil. My neighbour Frank dropped by too, just to say hi and taint his ears with the beautiful sounds of Celine Dion's five illegitimate

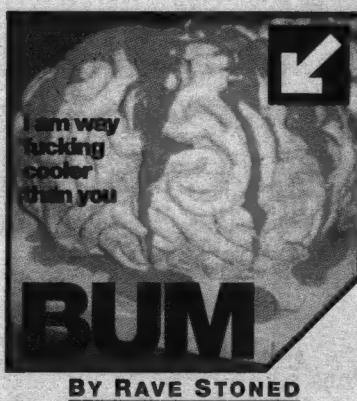
love-children. Now Dion has a husband who likes to cheat on her.

Yesterday, I warmed some tea, took a respectable dump, and then, feeling pure again, turned on the stereo to "feel" a higher power in my loins. The Dion Quintuplets (all five) make me hot like underage volleyball girls make high school gym teachers hot.

I know I'm no expert, but I know when things are good. I feel warm. I feel tender. I feel like I'm riding on love clouds to a much higher place far beyond the outer reaches. A love cloud carries me, and now, I am free.

SYSTEM OF AN ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION ME = MAD (BLOCK OUT THE SUN)

What's got this band so damn angry is a mystery, but System of an Erectile Dysfunction have stumbled onto a marvelous hybrid of musical styles. Imagine, for a second, taking the genre of heavy metal. Now, imagine adding rap vocals to that style. Travel even further down this path of sonic insanity and you might just come up with lyrics about how mad you are at the world and how no one can ever understand your pain. Well, SOAED understands your pain like perhaps no one else can, not even your parents or your high school music teacher. As their oeuvre suggests, these guys are simply not going to take any crap like curfews, having to mow the lawn or being denied the keys to the SUV. It's an angst that all the heavy metal bands and all the hip-hop groups in the world could never hope to come close to. It is only through the perfect synthesis of the two forms can the hellish rage of being an upper middle-class teen living in cul-de-sac come to proper light. Finally their story can be told. Few have dared to tread these waters, and there's a reason: Rap-metal is just too dangerous for the masses, and Erectile Dysfunction aims to keep it that way. ★★★★★—Whyne Artturdscum



Me = Underground You = The Establishment

Over the past few years, I've used this space to detail exactly how I'd like to Peace, Love, Unity and Respect my sketchers up City Council's collective sphincter, just to show them their noise regulations and neon-deficient wardrobes are no match for our close-knit musical collective.

But I guess maybe I've just been sucking the wrong side of the soother all this time. Because you know something? The electronic music scene here is a fucking joke. And it's all because of you damn kids! Your lack of dedication to club culture disgusts me. I've

that was ... um ... um ... a band from ontario ... um ... the "roamin catholics" followed by the "fanzines" ... um ... uh ... i left the case at home ... but um ... i had a seven inch ... it's ... uh ... out of print now ... yeah ... um ... you shoulda bought it then ... me and my girlfriend ... um ... saw them when they were here, in edmonton, in 1997 ... or no, it was 1998 so ... um ... before that, we heard the sigur ros of the new emusion-core movement ... um ... it's something that's pretty big in the france i hear ... um ... i mean, i haven't made it down there to check them out so ... um ... you're listening to ... uh ... "simon's bad hair cut" on cjsr fm88. stay tuned ... we got some hüsker dü coming up ... i borrowed the album from my roommate who picked it up when he was in japan ... hey uh dunbar ... you're show doesn't start for another 10 minutes

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slaved for years to make this town a haven for electronica—I was the one who started calling it E-Town for Chris-sakes. Do you know how hard it is to come up with some new combination of the words drum, bass, trip, and house every week, just to try and stir up some excitement among you glazed-eyed twerps? Does it seem like I enjoy plugging my own shows under eight different pseudonyms just to make it look like there's still a heartbeat somewhere out there?

But have you little shits ever shown any appreciation? I don't think so. You all think you know Haddaway, but you don't have a fucking clue about Haddaway. And that makes you an embarrassment to anyone who's ever worn a fluorescent fun-fur cowboy hat. This is a way of life, retards! It requires dedication!

Can you even begin to comprehend how embarrassing it is to buy all my clothes at ColorBlind, at my age? But I still do it, because the scene needs me to. Yet you all dance like you're out there just enjoying the music, acting so carefree, so happy...so supple...so almost legal. Sigh.

Dear God, I'm Lonely

Paul Oakenfold. Just had to mention him somewhere. Anyway, yesterday

my girlfriend belittled my anguish over when Calgary, the "Cadillac Ranch" capital of the universe, got The Chemical Brothers, while we had to settle for a battered copy of *Much Dance 1997*, which was so scratched that the remix of "How Bizarre" skipped during the second chorus. And can you believe she hadn't even heard of C+C Music Factory?

Un-fucking-believable. Woman, if I can smile my way through the god-dawful Swedish punk rock you keep bringing home, you could at least make an effort to comprehend the unmistakable nuances which separate hard progressive trance from deep progressive trance. Christ.

Which reminds me of something my close personal friend Darude said to me the other day. But I'm not going to share his true b-boy styles with all you posers and haters.

Please Care about What I'm Saying

Well, as you might have guessed, there isn't a whole lot going on this week. I guess you could come over to my house for *Electric Circus*. I'll throw some Whigfield on the turntable, stock the fridge with Evian, and we could give each other backrubs. What do you say? Anyone? Please?



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BECAUSE IT'S SOOOOO INCOHERENT

INFOTAINMENT REPORTING 796



- 1 *Death to Smoochy* made Robin Williams the subject of 9.7 million children's nightmares!
- 2 *Swordfish* showed 8.6 million of Halle Berry's Breasts!
- 3 Critics were so horrified by *Time Machine*, that

they went back in time to 7.3 million years ago to die horribly!

4 *Blade II* gutted 6.7 million sperm whales! For no apparent reason!

5 Red Green's *Duct Tape* wrapped 7.2 million fat fucking old men to their chairs!

6 *Clockstoppers* took only 2.3 million micro-seconds that teens should be locked away until adulthood!

7 *National Lampoon's Van Wilder* date-raped 1.8 million ghosts of *Animal House*!

8 *Vanilla Sky* paid Nicole Kidman 1.2 million in a divorce settlement!

9 *Kissing Jessica Stein* made 1.1 million boy-friends ask the question: "What, no pay-off?"!

10 *Men with Brooms* didn't make a dime, 1 million times over!

THE ASTERISK*

The *Alman Brothers* had a robot that looked like Jim Nabours and did their gardening, but they shot it to pieces with a turkey gun because it wouldn't tear off their neighbour's aluminum siding.*

Groucho Marx was the funniest of the Marx Brothers, while Zeppo was the most serious, just in front of Karl.*

The Italian government has crammed millions of copies of *Under Siege* beneath the Leaning Tower of Pisa to prevent it from sinking further.*

The original cast of *Charlie's Angels* makes routine guest appearances on *The Antiques Roadshow*, and sometimes they make out.*

Dick Clark is actually sewn together from the hides of over a dozen third world children.*

Gary Busey, kept in a cage since *The Buddy Holly Story*, escaped long enough to make *Slapshot II* and steal Billy Baldwin's passport.*

Allen Jackson is a star of stage and screen.*

Sex therapist Sue Johanson looks like what Mrs. Doubtfire would have appeared as had Michael Douglas won the role.*

The A-Team really existed, but they were actually a barber shop quartet.*

When Chevy Chase goes to the washroom, his kidney stones pain him incredibly, so he doesn't go to the washroom anymore.*

Nationally syndicated talk show host Larry King is a top-seeded *Stratego* player even though his dog has rickets.*

Burt Reynolds still drives around in the Trans-Am from *Smokey and the Bandit*, yelling at teenagers and throwing hand grenades at the homeless, near his home in Idaho.*

NYPD Blue star Dennis Franz once ate over 50 hot-dogs in one sitting, until he woke up that is.*

Corey Feldman was rushed to hospital after mistaking a wasp's nest for his hat.*

*THEY MAY BE STUPID, BUT I ACTUALLY GET PAID MONEY FOR THEM!

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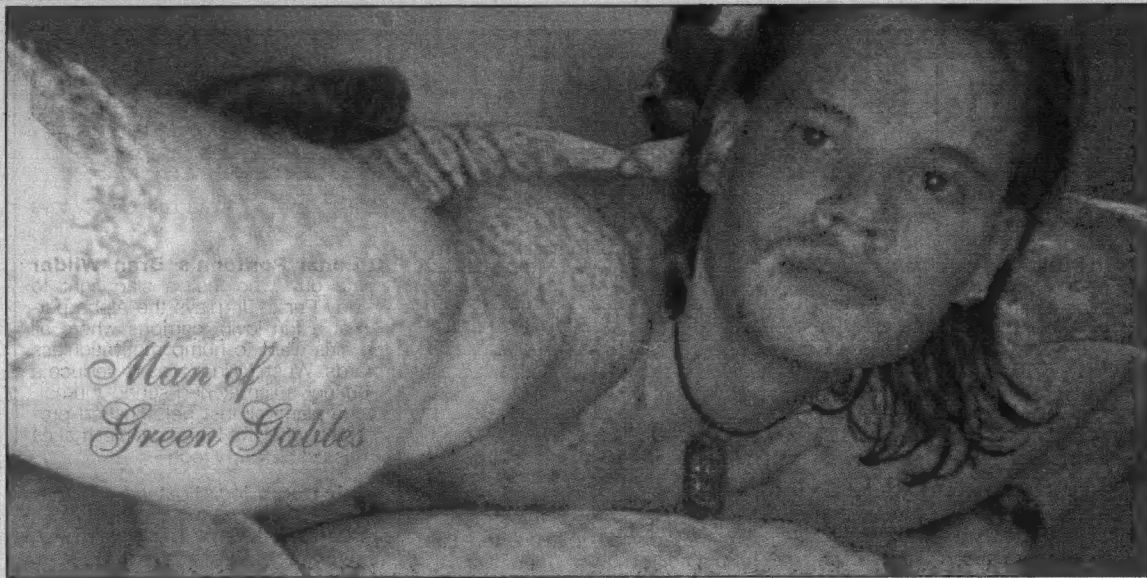
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Last a I'll longer w/ Big Red

Bud Spud's new project might put the iron-oxide back in your dirt

BY PAUL MANISUCK

I'm not exactly sure what to tell you about BJ Montgomery's heart-warming, inspiring, but lusty East Coast saga—in part because this Maritime piece is dripping with sensationalistic dementia, and in part because my grandpa just made me an apple pie out of Polident and fruit leather. What I can tell you, however, is that Eli Gross (*Men with Tumors*, *Rare Turds*) as Frank "Carrot Top" MacDitty is brilliant as an impish, red-headed orphaned scamp who somehow finds his way into the hearts—and pants—of a small turn-of-the-century town in Atlantic Canada.

Frankie goes to Avonley

With his heart of gold and buns of steel, Frank MacDitty arrives in the small town of Avonley with little more than the suspenders strapped to his ample chest. Driving around in a rusted-out Citroën (a bizarre but effective anachronism), MacDitty courts almost every girl in town—and a few young men too, sending bloomers flying off both sexes on more than one occasion. And in another bizarre but effective mechanism, Montgomery's film is shot entirely in gritty digital, giving Frank a raw, unpolished texture that brings out the earthiness of Avonley and the ample freckles on Frankie's inner thighs.

Let's be Frankie

But MacDitty is unable to capture the one girl in town that he so badly wants to bed—the winsome Gertrude Von Blythe (Kristen Munst)—setting the stage for some sexy antics and more than one romp in some down-home P.E.I. hay. Gross's performance is bawdy but breathtaking as he lures Von Blythe into his ginger-haired love

web. And MacDitty's emotional search for his true parents and a sense of belonging provide an inimitable juxtaposition of heartbreak, candour, and apple butter hand-jobs—as his quest for his own fulfillment revitalizes the entire town of Avonley.

Pulling a Frank

Montgomery pulls it all together at the end of this unstoppable, almost Capra-esque quasi-drama, providing a surprise ending where both Gross and Munst spontaneously combust while at a church social. The film's afterglow tastes like the stuff on my tongue—and if you can handle that, *Man of Green Gables* may just put a spring in your step, a warmth in your heart, and a wet spot in your knickers.

Place pun here

Man of Green Gables

starring Eli Gross, Kristen Munst, and a field-goal kicking mule named Angus • directed by, oh, let's say Moe • ps this is not a real movie

Kane, sooo totally not able

So-called Welles classic, offends my fragile sensibilities

BY PAUL MANISUCK

The Metro cinema is usually the only place to see movies that aren't putrid pieces of festering feces. Imagine my surprise when instead of seeing a masterful work of cinema from Luxembourg or the pinnacle of film art from northern Greenland I was subjected to the torrid mess that is *Citizen Kane*.

Kane is the story of a poor rich boy who despite all of his wealth and power can not find happiness. This is, of course, a flawed premise because rich people all gain a continual perverse pleasure from oppressing the poor people of the world.

Citizen Kane has three strikes against it. First, not only is it in the English language, a sure sign that a film is on the wrong track, it was produced in America of all places! Personally I can't think of any good films that were ever produced in the United States, with the exception of DW Griffith's 1916 follow up to *Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*.

All's not Welles with Orson

Secondly, the film is about someone who has money. The movie does ques-

tion how money can hurt your soul, but it still has a bourgeois oppressor as the central character. True films must have reference to the proletariat to be truly meaningful. If a film follows outdated ideologies like capitalism or Christianity, it is bound to fail.

Third, the film doesn't do anything that hasn't been done a thousand times before. Deep focus photography? That's been in pretty much every film from the last 60 years. Film Noir lighting? Old hat. Low angle cameras? Phhhft, so last week. Multilayered flashback sequences? That's so pedestrian that they might do it on television.

Gag Redux

The much ballyhooed film is a collection of overused redundant cinematic techniques, and references one might find in an episode of *The Simpsons*. Personally I don't think a film is worth watching unless it breaks at least enough conventions for it not to be picked up by a major distributor. For example, I thought that *Dogma* was a terrible film until Disney refused to distribute it. Then it became one of the best films of 1999.

Citizen Kane is also at the top of Roger Ebert's top ten movies of all time list. In addition to the reasons listed above I am philosophically obligated to despise this movie in equal measure to the amount that Ebert likes it. He enjoyed dreck like the boil



of Hollywood filmmaking *Lord of the Rings: Fellowship of the Ring*, which was by all accounts the worst movie ever, conceived in the history of existence. In fact if I saw Ebert right now I would personally kill him with my bare hands for implying to anyone that watching a film should be anything but the pure appreciation of art.

To sum up *Citizen Kane* is a waste of your hard-earned money. Of course if society were organised correctly we would be living in a communist state which would disallow money to exist. I would suggest watching Mon rectum de Chat de -- de la vie (My life -- Cat Rectum) instead.

FILM WEEKLY

NUDE THIS WEEK

Assford Pork A bunch of weird toothy British people you never heard of star in Robert Altman's story of sad servants and nasty butt sex in a very big house in the 1930s. The rich intermingle with the poor as penises intermingle with bums. Also there's a murder, apparently. Gingivitis and dirty humping comment on the class divisions of a bygone era.

A Beautiful Punch in the Mind Yahoo Serious and that cute girl from *The Rocketeer* star in the true story of Bill Nye, a brilliant but bat shit crazy scientist with a penchant for making baking soda and vinegar volcanoes out of the still-breathing the elderly. In the end, sane and insane alike all decide they hate Ron Howard's fucking guts.

Bum Pow: Enter the Fist People you'll never like or care about star in this martial arts porno-parody of flying, lubricated fists. Shaolin shenanigans unfold when temples of the fighting arts become temples of bing bang dangery as of the chosen one faces off against Sensei Ham Hands.

Cockflopers Various kids hoping to one day a real career in Hollywood star in a film about kids who invent a machine to counteract Viagra and thereby eliminate the chance that old people will conceive. Seniors are stopped from fornicating until one of the kids accidentally turns the device on himself and ruins all chances of wild teenage humping.

Pope The Moxtra-Terrestrial Drew Barrymore and that kid no one remembers star in the 20th anniversary rerelease of Stephen Spielberg's story of a cuddly illegal alien hiding out in the shed of a suburban whitebread family. The children must help PePe avoid going home, so they drive dirtbikes through the air to avoid the INS and crushing reality of gravity.

Jimmy Fruitron: Gay Genius A eunuch with a badger hanging from his left testicle lends his voice to the adventure of a young, homosexual inventor who has to save his parents from aliens and horrible interior decorating. When the other kids doubt Jimmy's abilities to invent wacky space-age inventions, he makes a rhinestone laser gun and the motherfucking hell out of their faces.

I Am Sam Donaldson Sean Connery stars as a mentally challenged newscaster trying to work his way up through the ranks of television journal-

ism. Hampered by an inability to stop screaming obscenities and wicked-bad comb-overcome, Sam must to terms with a world that views him as a mentally challenged newscaster instead of he Batmobile. When the government decides Sam can no longer perform his duties, the optimistic child-man runs in circles making engine noises and singing the Batman theme.

Ice Rage The voices of Sam Kinison and Marcel Marceau are featured in an animated tale of prehistoric animals trying to push other prehistoric animals into a really big tar pit. When that gets boring they decide to work together to save a human child. And when that gets boring they kill the child and eat it.

FIST-RUN MOVIES

Lord of the Dances Michael Flatley, some old English guy and a young American kid with curly hair who always looks on the verge of crying, star in JR Ewing's epic fantasy of dancing forest creatures bound together by a love of really shitty Celtic dance. Together they prance around in ridiculous costumes and discover the magic that was in their hearts all along. Also, there's these cool Orc things that look like my dad when his hemorrhoids flare up.

Meth to Smoochy Robin Williams and Ed Norton star as warring children's performers trading kiddie porn for smack. Many extremely funny scenes ensue where (get this) two grown men chase each other while wearing ridiculous costumes that adults don't normally wear. Norton's character eats William's character's back hair during a bout of violent withdrawals.

Men With Tumours Leslie Neilson, Paul Gross and Michael Gross (the dad from *Family Ties*) star in a very Canadian film about guys who catch cancer from their curling brooms, but still give it their all to make it too the Briar. When they discover that it's the middle of summer, everyone has a good laugh and talks about how quirky Canadian movies are. A giant gila monster eats Leslie Neilson's character and his curling buddies decide to re-name poutine after him.

Monsters Dinc. The voices of Carrot Top and Bronson Pinchot are featured in the computer animated Disney movie about a couple of really lovable and really well-endowed monsters. They help a human kid because that's the thing to do in these movies, and then they spend the second half of the film

demonstrating how radical Disney toys are.

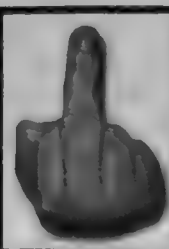
National Pontoon's Bran Wilder Some guy who lost a slap fight to Freddy Prinze Jr. plays the Alpha partier at a fun lovin' campus where all the girls want to hump motivationless retards. When Wilder tries to seduce a seemingly mismatched school journalist, he plans almost gets flushed prematurely when his high-fibre diet makes a mess of his party toga.

Picnic Room Jodie Foster is a recently divorced mother who moves into a vacuum New York flat with her hydrocephalic daughter. The building is equipped with an airtight picnic room, which comes in handy when giant ants break into the house to steal the family's hors d'oeuvres. The mother daughter team must devise a plan to stop the insects from carrying around a bunch of antique furniture that's over 50-times their body weight.

President Evil President George W. Bush stars in a documentary about his life as a simple cokehead forced into a life of killing zombies and people in Third World countries. His immunity to brain-eating zombies allows him to lead an elite team of gun-toting fundamentalists through the Whitehouse in order to find the mainframe computer and make a corned beef sandwich. Gee that George W. sure is evil. Kinda like PEE, who are also very, very mean and may one day cause a zombie holocaust.

Red Green's Fuck Tape Steve Smith, Patrick McKenna and the Littlest Hobo make their big screen debut in a latently homoerotic tale of men in plaid work shorts binding themselves together with tape. Red Green must solve the mystery of how anyone could find jokes about duct tape still funny after nearly a decade, while his nephew puts a ball of the stuff in his mouth and squeals like a pig.

Sven, We Were Soldiers Australian Mel Gibson stars as Sven, a Swedish army Colonel commanding a platoon of American troops during the beginning of the Vietnam War. A deep respect and plutonic love develops between Sven and his soldiers as they face the horrors of war and camouflage lederhosen. As North Vietnamese soldiers advance on the platoon's position, a brave and hearty band of 14th century Scotsmen come charging over a hill to save the Vietnam war for the Americans, just like it really happened. Take the kids; it'll be fun for me behind you.



BY MARVIN LEE ADAY

ARIES (Mar 20-Apr 19): The locusts are singing, the sun is red; it's gotten so late somehow. There's gonna be trouble, you know what they said. You should have been home by now. The thunder is rolling, the sky is black; it's gotten so dark somehow. There's gonna be danger, don't you wish you were back. You should have been home by now.

TAURUS (Apr 20-May 20): This week, you're going to feel as if life is a lemon, and you want your money back. It's all or nothing, and nothing's all you ever get. Every time you turn it on, you burn it up and burn it out. It's always something, there's always something going wrong. That's the only guarantee, that's what this is all about. It's a never-ending attack; everything's a lie and that's a fact.

GEMINI (May 21 - June 20): Relationship trouble brews, as your special someone wants you and needs you, but doesn't love you. Don't be sad, though, 'cause two out of three ain't bad. You'll never find your gold on a sandy beach. You'll never drill for oil on a city street. I know you're looking for a ruby in a mountain of rocks, but there ain't no Coup de Ville hiding at the bottom of a Cracker Jack box.

CANCER (June 21 - July 22): Crabs can look forward to a future with a modern girl. Somewhere just between the past and somethin' dawnin' new, there's a break in the chain, there's a skip in the clock. Can't ya hear the planet groanin' like a broken down machine? Rusty with the guilty tears of fallen kings and queens.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): You can't run away forever, but there's nothing wrong with getting a good head start. You want to shut out the night, you want to shut down the sun, you want to shut away the pieces of a broken heart.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): If a love as strong as yours couldn't make it all the way, can anything make sense at all? If a love so deep and true, couldn't stand the test of time, then Mount Everest could slide and Jerusalem could fall. Is nothing sacred anymore? Is forever just another word? Is a promise something people use to keep when love was worth fighting for?

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): Don't you hear your heart? It's drowning out the radio. You've been waiting so long, to come along and have some fun, and I gotta let you know, no, you're never gonna regret it. So open up your eyes and you'll get a big surprise - it'll feel all right.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): Stop right there! Before you go any further, you've gotta know right now - do they love you? Will they love you forever? Do they need you? Will they never leave you? Will they make you so happy for the rest of your life?

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): You started swearing to your god and on your mother's grave, that you would love 'em to the end of time. So now, you're praying for the end of time to hurry up and arrive, 'cause if you gotta spend another minute with them, you don't think you can really survive; you're praying for the end of time.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 20): Some days it don't come easy, and some days it don't come hard. Some days it don't come at all, and these are the days that never end. Some nights, you're breathing fire, and some nights you're carved in ice. As long as the planets are turning, as long as the stars are burning, as long as your dreams are coming true, you'd better believe it - that you'd do anything for love, but you won't do that.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21-Feb 18): Aquarians, beware, as objects in the rear view mirror may appear closer than they are. It was always summer and the future called. You were ready for adventures and you wanted them all. And there was so much left to dream, and so much time to make it real.

PISCES (Feb 19-Mar 19): The sirens are screaming and the fires are howling, way down in the valley tonight. There's a man in the shadows with a gun in his eye, and a blade shining oh so bright. There's evil in the air and there's thunder in the sky, and a killer's on the bloodshot streets. Like a bat out of hell, you'll be gone when the morning comes.

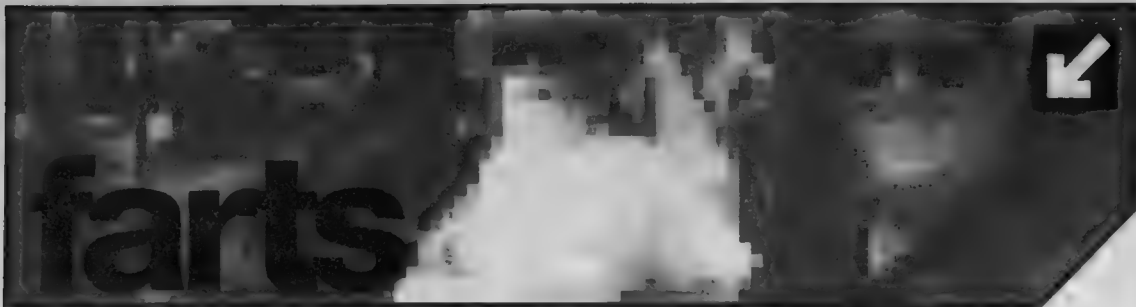


President EVIL

"I can't believe this movie was made!"
- Sane Public

"His acting is almost as bad as his nuclear policy!"
- John B. OTYNI
Kansas

"The guy dies at the end, so it's kinda sad."
- Billy
Age 11



Live cats not just for deities

Disciples leaned toward more nutritionally viable alternatives

BY PAUL MANISUCK

The new exhibit at the Glendon Art Gallery demonstrates that the celebration of the human body as a thing of beauty is open to all—even the morosely obese.

"We're constantly inundated with imagery of perfect stick-thin models and movie stars," says curator Phil McCrackin. "I just wanted the people of Glendon to broaden their perspectives and discover what life was like for the minority of morbidly massive."

The exhibit, simply titled *Glandular Rabbidity*, is a collection of newly rediscovered paintings from the little known Rocococo era of the 18th century, obscurely nestled between the Neo-Classicism movement and the Romantic era. Each of the paintings features at least one character at 800 lbs. or more; some images of corpulent



crane while snacking on a live cat.

"Venus is beautifully represented here," McCrackin points to her fleshy hands, which tastefully conceal her nakedness. "Note how her hands are reminiscent of the Michelin Man, one of our modern day icons. As you can see, the relevance of these paintings to today's world, despite having been created 300 years ago, is tremendous."

The Bloated

Martyr, a particularly allegorical painting in the

exhibit, exemplifies the sacrifice of one for the good of the many following the Great Fire of London. The scene shows a selfless, yet enormous woman who has just killed herself and whose vast mountains of skin are being scavenged by the townsfolk to save the thousands of burn victims.

One of the main themes of the Rocococo era, however, was the portrayal of every day life in the aristocracy. In a piece titled *The Irony of Glut*, a gargantuan 1020 lb. duke sits in misery as he watches his riches trickle into the hands of his 50 servants who are diligently scrubbing food stains from between the rolls undulating on his monstrous body.

Another such painting, called *Behemoth Bosom* depicts a gruesomely paunchy individual wallowing in a swimming pool of beef gravy. The individual's gender is hidden by both the opaque au jus and the immense sexually indeterminate breasts.

"The symbolism of the sexual ambiguity in an era where the roles of men and women were clear and strictly segregated is striking," notes McCrackin. "He/she is straddling social boundaries, but is tragically completely immobile."

The exhibit, which opens to the public next week, will be pivotal in the small Alberta town's decision of what to do next to raise their profile. If successful, Glendon is considering commissioning the work of a local artist to create a to-scale replica of a sculpture featured in the exhibit preparing to eat the famous Glendon pyrogy. The sculpture will purportedly cost the town a little over \$16 million, and will blot out a sizeable fraction of the sun.

Glendon Art Gallery • featuring Phil McCrackin and others • admission is \$10 at the door



BY PAUL MANISUCK

Jerques vs. cops

"All I want to do is punch people in the face and take their money," explained Bob Gateau of the driving philosophy behind his revolutionary street theatre troupe. Called Jerque du Soliel, the three man and two woman collective breaks down the boundaries between performer and audience, stage and street, and most importantly, fist and face.

It's theatre for the new millennium, based on Lacan's concept of 'the self' mixed with Brechtian bodysuit mime, but in French circus collective street

theatre form, or as Gateau explains, "I'm so flexible I can almost suck myself, check it out."

For the last couple of weeks the, Jerque Du Soliel has been a staple of Shyte Ave performing outlandish feats of physical mastery and pushing passers-by into traffic. Audiences have been astounded as the performers balance precariously on one another, contort their bodies, and spin really fragile looking plates to new-age francophone opera.

In between these flights of fancy, the performers have injected the narrative of revolution, where the viewers are assigned the role of the bourgeoisie and the performers enter the paradigm of political soldier.

Throwing copper

"We put a beret on the ground and tell people to fill it with change," says Gateau. "And if they don't, I lose it, I fucking snap. Last weekend I threw a nine-year-old through a plate glass window. That fuck, he wouldn't shut his goddamn mouth while I was trying to balance a mailbox on my tongue."

Their artistic rage against the machine has been raising a few eyebrows from the art-hating Edmonton

City Police. After picking up a senior citizen and shaking him upside down from the top of a human pyramid the troupe was fined for busking without a license and forced to cancel their afternoon show, shaking Edmonton's theatre community to its core.

But radical street circus has always lit a fire under the establishment and Gateau refuses to let his little band of visionaries be crushed by social injustice. "All we do is ask for a little money in return for pretending to juggle smiles and doing fruity little mimes about dancing on rainbows. Gimmie a break, I'm dressed like the fucking clown on the Harlequin romance novels,--you bet I get freakin' irritable when some son-of-a-bitch tries to slip a couple of bus tickets and a Pita Pit coupon in the hat."

The battle between theatre and evil rages on, with the Jerque du Soliel caught in the middle. But if the entire point of our existence isn't to fight The Man with live theatre, than I guess City Hall will have it's Gateau and eat it too, and once again, the little guy will be left with nothing to juggle but his tears.

Jerques du Soliel

Dirty streets somewhere • Apr 11-17 • 492-5168, box #1 • call ahead for ringside super action



These disks do their 'work' well

Thatsa big Dick!

In times like these, everyone seems to want my BBQ's

BY PAUL MANISUCK

Following the success of *Pile-driver*, the critically acclaimed play about the world of gay wrestling, Edmonton playwright Darin Hyman decided to sail the literary seas in search of ideas for his current play.

For Hyman the choice of *Moby Dick*, Herman Melville's classic nautical adventure, was and obvious one. "When I first played with the idea of adapting *Moby Dick* my partner thought it was a cockamamie scheme. However, it's fitting that a book about sailors should be interpreted in a homosexual context. It is hardly a coincidence that there are no female characters in the story. I mean think about it, 'sperm' whales, a group of men in enforced close proximity for months at a time, how gay can you get? It's perfect."

Thar he blows

Hyman has been forced to make several changes to the extensive text in his adaptation in order for modern audiences to better relate to the material. For instance, the setting of the play has been moved from an eighteenth century whaling vessel to the Pequod, a 1970's San Franciscan bathhouse. In addition to modernizing the setting, Heyman has altered certain non-politically correct elements of the story to better suit modern sensibilities. "The whole concept of hunting whales is barbaric and environmentally unsound, so I decided to change the White Whale to an 800 pound albino White Male. Also, the fact that Captain Ahab lost a leg is both insensitive to amputees and makes the dance moves in the chorus line difficult to pull off, so I reinterpreted his injury in a modern post-Lorena Bobbitt sense. Finally, the portrayal of Queequeg as a cannibal would be hard for modern audiences to swallow, so the designation of man-eater is now in reference to him devouring men sexually."

Heyman also decided to adapt the story as a musical, complete with extensively choreographed dance numbers. "I have always believed in the descriptive power of music in theatre and so I have endeavored to include several song-and-dance numbers, as well as theme songs for specific characters. I myself can't compose worth shit, so I adapted a series of modern songs, a la *Moulin Rouge*, for use in the play."

Sing a Song of Dick Pants

These include such songs as *Maneater* by Hall and Oats (Queequeg's theme), *The White Stuff* by New Kids on the Block (the White Male theme), and a reworked version of Boy George's *Karma Chameleon*, which is sung Kama Kama Kome on Me Leon. The dance style is described as a combination of Madonna, the Village People, and French can-can.

This project is a departure for Heyman as his play is being produced on Edmonton's world-class sphincter stage at the Sitonmell Theater as opposed to the smaller venues he has typically employed. Also, in addition to being directed by the Sitonmell's award winning artistic director Bob Starker, Tom Woody will be playing the role of Ahab. "I am very excited about working with an actor as 'experienced' as Woody", enthused Heyman. "Tom can bring a sense of dignity and depth to any character he plays, even when decked out in red pumps and a matching tiara."

Joining the cast will be Sitonmell set and costume designer Larry Frankish. "Larry has done an incredible job on the set. He has included every single detail of the bathhouse, down to the curious stains in the washroom stalls and extensive period fetish gear."

The play is set to end in a spectacular finale in which the white male causes Captain Ahab to be entangled in fetish gear while a rampaging squad of rednecks destroys the Pequod.

Moby's Dick

Moby's Dick • Sitonmell Theatre • Directed by Bob Starker • Starring Darin Hyman and Tom Woody

GLASSYEYEDS

artist to artist

Experienced sculptor needs deer antlers for project. Preferable if deer not attached to antlers, dead or alive. Call Mirama at 492-3423 to schedule appt.

Filming a Brand Name beer commercial next Friday. We need Cast and Crew. All interested must bring their own beer. Keys preferred. Call Frank or Kim at 286-8675 or drop by Phi Delta Gamma-Hola Aruba House between the times of 3pm to 6am. Ps. We're TV producers.

Audition! Looking for 5 non-union actors to audition for dance sketch. Must be able to perform in cramped spaces, often involving pipefitting and welding. **Blonde hair a plus.** Phone 432-9138 for details.

Bateman, you fucker—wildlife paintings went out with the eighties. Find some kind of real hobby, you pretentious cock. Vincent Van Gogh.

Horace Grinnon Theatre Troupe looking for young actors to fill roles in musical adaptation of **Das Kapital**. Must be alert, dedicated to equality of individuals in society through central planning, and possess spectacular dental work. Candidates will be chosen from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs. Red hair a plus. Call 492-5068 for details.

Director/Producer/Cameraman seeking females between the ages of 18-24 for a sexy, sexy thriller movie. Experience as a mud wrestler and/or lesbian a plus, but not required. 487-3877.

Actor looking for work. Desperately. Specializes in quirky quasi-European characters and hair-dressers of ambiguous sexuality but high fashion. Phone B Pinchot at 44-MIPOS.

musicians

Melanoma seeks singer! Must be tall and pretentious, with obsessive dedication to style. Height requirement can vary, but pretension is key. Call 430-7654 for details.

Tambourine player wanted for family ensemble. Must enjoy wearing velvet suits, bell bottoms, and shaggy haircuts. Tolerance of nervous mothers driving and **Danny Bonaduce** a plus. Phone: R Kindaid at 619-342-2028.

15 year old rapper seeking bitches and ho's for my first video. It'd be cool if you could bring drugs and booze along or even pick me up from my parents place and take me somewhere cool. Call MC-D Jay at 387-8573. If an adult man or woman answers, ask for Jimmy.

Seeking **rhythm guitarist** to round out progressive rock band, influenced heavily by David Foster, the **Northern Lights**, and Celine Dion. Please no amateurs. Anne Murray, this means you!

Drummer seeks band to play in. And drums. And sticks. Wait, I'm not a drummer. I'm a catfish.

Inexperienced drummer sought for established Edmonton rock band. Just to throw peanuts at. Not to play with us.

Band seeks catfish for stage dressing. Contact Phil at 456-8891.

Musical troupe seeks **squeezebox player**. Must be able to see world in sepia tones. Experience with snakeskin oil definitely a plus. Harebrained, madcap escapes a bonus too. Contact Carl at 901-2601 for details.

employment

Looking to **make some cash quick**? Really? Can I get in on this? No, seriously. I need cash. My dad needs a new kidney. It's tragic. Hold me.

Student Painting Company seeking naive kids with butter-smooth palms eager to rip naive self-employment fantasies to shreds. Contact Randy at 561-4393.

shared accommodation

My pants. Get it? GET IT? Shared accommodation—in my **fucking trousers**? Look at me, I'm a regular **Bob Hope**! I could entertain troops for days! And I'm wrinkled, decrepit, and **cheating death** daily through innumerable Faustian pacts! THE SIMILARITIES ARE ENDLESS!

help wanted

I've got this wicked **CMPT 272** assignment due, and I can't seem to get it on the go. I mean, there's four fuckin' guys named Abel, Bill, Cain, and Doug that somehow have gotten themselves wrapped up in black and white bean counting. Then, there's all this fucking knights who're trying to backstab each other or something. If you can give me a hand I'd really appreciate it.

Desperately seeking Susan. Who's that girl?

The Zodiacal Liberation Front needs YOU! Those who tell us that being an Aries doesn't mean shit are oppressing our minds. We need action now, before the moon goes into wane and Saturn enters Uranus.

White nerd living in mother's Edmonton basement seeks both clue and life to bring additional flavor to E-Town rap stylings.

My life is empty. My soul is dry. Save me.

volunteers

Got time to spare? The **19th Annual Streetwalkers Performing Festival** seeks volunteers to fill a variety of positions. There are opportunities in all areas for enthusiastic participants! Phone: Agnes at 452-9877.

I need some **AWESOMELY** motivated individuals to hold my bags while I go through Taiwanese customs. Call Tsingtei "the junkie" Kwan at 837-5867 for more information.

Exchange program seeks host families to symbiotically join with alien race. Opportunities may lead to recurring role on Becker.

Have some extra time on your hands? Well, ever got it on your nads? It kind of stings, but the rewards are endless.

Free time on your hands? Waste it at **Sunny Day Best Home**, where death is in the air, wrinkles about, and recreational activities are received with **little to no enthusiasm**, if any reaction at all! If you've got a hankering for **eau de Ben Gay** look no further! Our old-people smell is so pungent, it'll take days to scrub out!

The Black Serbian Transgenders' Society is holding its first meeting on Friday, April 12 in the basement of Pedro's Bowling Alley on 83rd Avenue. Hors d'oeuvres will be served. Bring tap shoes. Cape optional.

Volunteers for blood drive needed. Type O, AB, and B needed desperately. Send bags to PO Box 451, Brooks, AB, T6S 1M9. Ziploc-brand baggies appreciated. Leave platelets in if possible.

massage

Ladies only!

Sensual deep relaxation massage wanted. Really, give me a back rub. I really, really need one right now. It's true. My shoulders feel like shit.

A Relaxing, Erotic, Geriatric massage. Privately owned. Just come down by 97th and 118th Ave and I'll show you a hip-breakingly rowdy good time.

adult

Naughty night nurses looking for a good time. Call University Hospital at 435-6492.

Crotch rockets available for launching. Get on board until the Eagle has landed. The control room is waiting for you! Countdown in 10, 9, 8, 7 ...

GAY MALE SEX!

I hear it happens when two gay men in loving committed relationships get together.

S&M training course offered at the Faculty of Distention. Whips and leather wear available for rent. Free of charge, but call 495-PUNK to reserve a **distention** position.

Charlie Movie seeking ugly, ugly couples to star in our low-budget pornographic film. Computer and helicopter experience an asset. Must be willing to have cold, mechanical sex while camera crews smack you from the sidelines. Call Russ at (403) 4CET-OFF.

ORIFICE EXPLORATION Remember those Annie dolls they used to teach you how to perform CPR on? We have got a shitload of those, baby. Oh, yeah, you fuckin' know it. OH!

HEY EDDIE! by SPIDAL



I'm drank!



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1 large popcorn

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world
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RACING IN THE HEART SERIES



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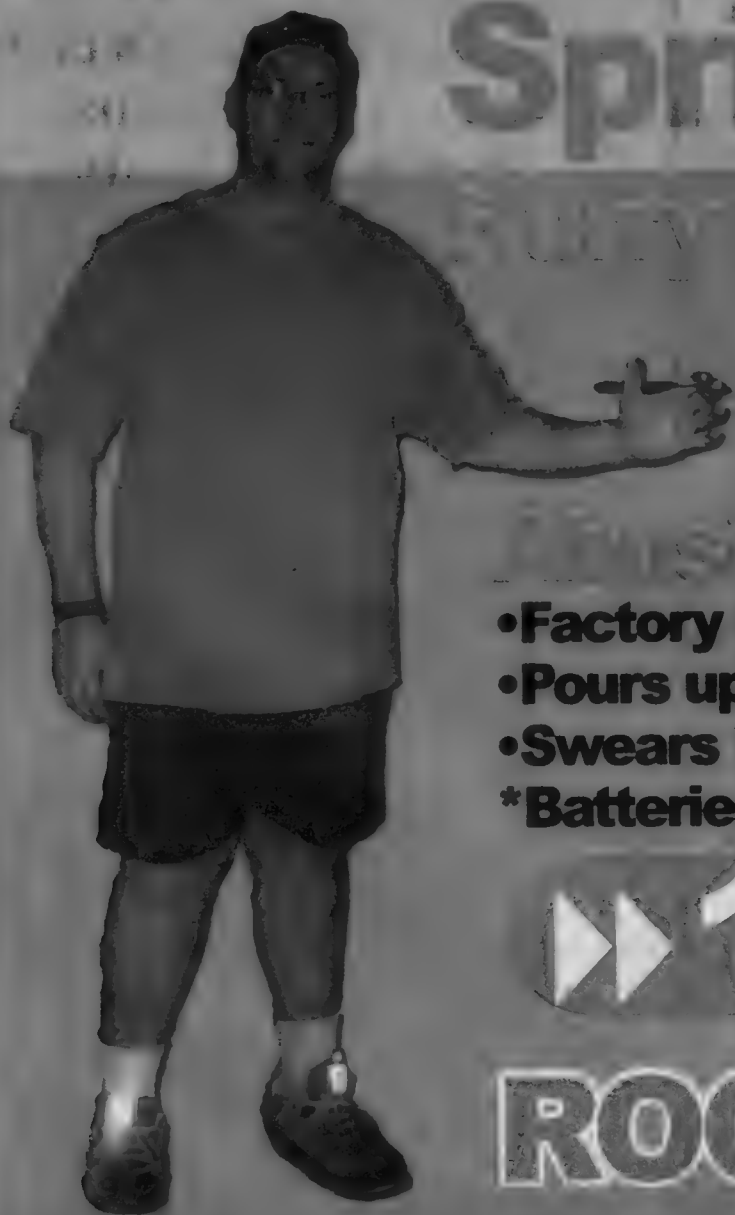
This Summer Will Be A Ball



Join us this summer for World Cup soccer action on the Powerplant Big Screen. And just so you don't turn into a mushroom sitting in a big dark room watching a bunch of really fit guys chasing a size 5 piece of leather around a field, we've provided you with a patio to catch some rays should it ever stop snowing...

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- **Pours up to 500 Pints An Hour**
- **Swears in several languages**
- **Batteries Not Included**

▶▶ **19⁹⁹**

ROOM AT THE TOP

We've seen the Future and it ain't pretty™



UPTHEFRONT

Tommy Onionface
Professional strip club emcee
Pinky's

What should people know about your day?

First off, it starts at 5 p.m. I've got to do my research: find out the girls' likes, dislikes, you know. If they're more of a Trooper "Raise a little hell" or a "Sex bomb"-type. There's so much that goes on behind the scenes you'd be surprised. It adds a lot to the performance.

What's the least satisfying thing about your job?

It's a little disheartening at times, because if I really do a good job, nobody notices I'm even there.

How'd you get involved in a career on the perimeter of the sex industry?

I think the owner here just got tired of me hanging around. Plus, I just got fired from the Bear FM ????. My DJ name was Barry Stien, you know like bears in the children's books: The Berenstain Bears. You know Brother Bear, Sister Bear, etc. Clever, huh?

What are you talking about?

You're right, I'm homeless. Kill me.



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Took her tanning sessions too far and irreparably burned to a tasty crisp.

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MEDICARE
Isn't just two-tiered, it's a scrumptious three-tiered vanilla cake!

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April 11 - 17, 2002



2 Time Winner for Best MUZAK Funnery

RECTIFIED



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LETTERS

Letters

Autonomous Getaway trampled my begonias

Editor, PEE:

Re: Phish Nicknolty's assertion that the *Getaway* likes pretty flowers in the Feb. 28 issue of PEE

It took barely two paragraphs for Phish Nicknolty to fall into the cavalier attitude of *Getaway* hacks. "It loves flowers," he claimed. To the best of my knowledge, it never has, and it certainly won't be starting now.

The *Getaway* has always been run by the extremely flora-hating staff (I've never met them, but I'm confident they'd stamp on a tulip if given the chance) for the small cadre of students who dare tread the soil I refuse to let my cat shit in.

I obviously read the *Hate-away* (totally clever, huh?) constantly, but why should I pay for it? This small cadre (I just bought a thesaurus) of venomous, daisy-crushing hacks wouldn't produce "a miracle of modern gardening," as Phish believes, if their response to perennials that paint their annuals in an unfavourable light is to publicly stomp all over the gardener's lilies.

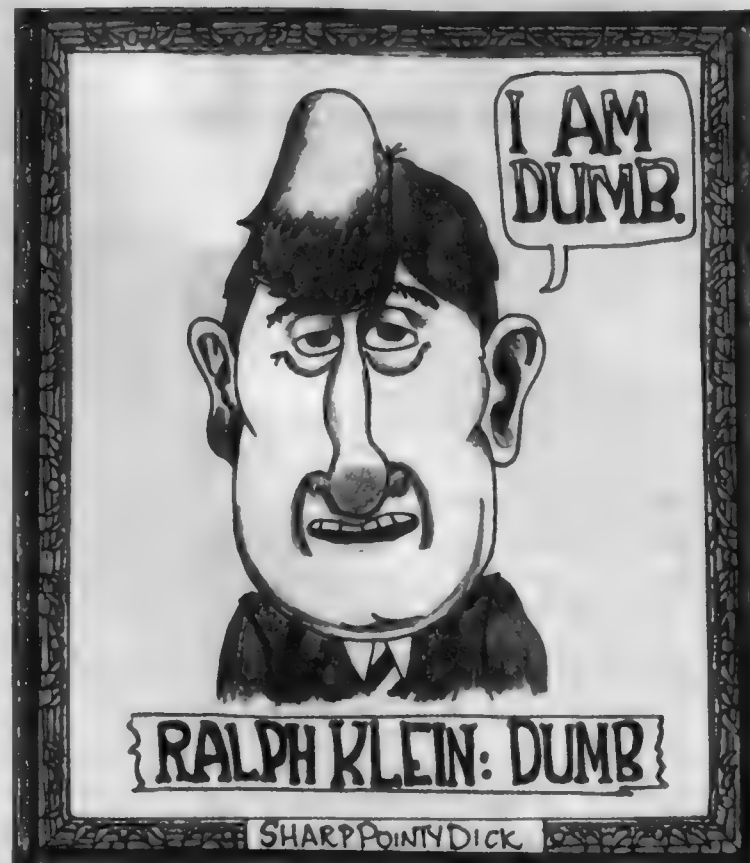
At least the SU-owned picket fence gave the rough illusion of protecting my begonias from the two-bit nature haters at the *Getaway*.

Furthermore, ich hatte dabei auch die Gelegenheit, eine Darstellung meines eigenen Werdens zu geben, soweit dies zum Verständnis sowohl des ersten als auch des zweiten Bandes nötig ist und zur Zerstörung der von der jüdischen Presse betriebenen üblen Legendenbildung über meine Person dienen kann.

Ich wende mich dabei mit diesem Werk nicht an Fremde, sondern an diejenigen Anhänger der Bewegung, die mit dem Herzen ihr angehören und deren Verstand nun nach innigerer Aufklärung strebt.

Ich weiß, daß man Menschen weniger durch das geschriebene Wort als vielmehr durch das gesprochene zu gewinnen vermag, daß jede große Bewegung auf dieser Erde ihr Wachsen den großen Rednern und nicht den großen Schreibern verdankt.

The only way to stop baby Jesus from crying is to ensure that these venomous anti-horticultural hacks never crush another



flower under their cold boots of fertilizer journalism. Uh, oh my head is turning into mulch —Gahhh!

Lars Ulrich
Harvester of Sorrow

Sad dog still being killed by bees

Editard, PEE:

It is my sad duty to report that, as of this letter's writing, my dog continues to be killed by bees without any hope for intervention from the city in sight.

Despite my many calls to the Mayor's office, Mr. Snowflakes, my white Pomeranian, has been bravely fighting off the sweet embrace of death at the hands of a swarm of bees that began circling his head and stinging intermittently over four years ago.

The Mayor's secretary assures me that he doesn't handle bee attacks and the like, but really—what am I paying his salary for? So he can roll around in his fancy new perambulator, signing autographs and solving mysteries in which the amusement park owner invariably did it? Not likely.

I've tried everything to save Mr. Snowflakes, but the bees have recently completed some sort of "hive" around his head and are now working downwards to envelope his front legs. Negoti-

ating with the bees has proven to be quite fruitless. Why won't the city help Mr. Snowflakes? Does Bill Smith hate dogs? Does he like bees?

It is my hope that this letter to your "artistic weekly publication" will raise awareness for the all-too-common problem of seemingly unending bee attacks, and maybe spark the inception of some sort of "anti-bee squad" that would fly around in a rocket and set bees on fire.

Also, my dog is sad.

Barbara Phonebook,
Leduc

I missed my bus

Skeletor, PEE:

Considering the post-apocalyptic nightmare-world writ large (i.e. Edmonton), I find it hard to believe that the number nine bus just flew past without stopping. There's no excuse for that.

If there's one thing my film degree has taught me, it's that the minor indignity and inconvenience of missing the bus is probably sort of "metaphorical" or "symbolic" of a larger, perhaps yet unknown reality.

Until the pricks at ETS understand this, we're all going to be up the creek without a thesis.

By the way, I'm including my resume. I very badly need a job.

Gordon Vyuxlqawchuck,
Edmonton

Correction

Last week, the Least Coherent Guy in Town's feature (*Lego not for eating*, PEE #434) contained numerous factual errors that we would like to rectify. First of all, Mayor Bill Smith is not a brain-damaged, cock-sucking mongoloid who shoves screwdrivers up his ass to entertain school children and earn bus fare on the side. Once we actually took the time to look into these claims, we found quite the contrary. Guess we're pretty fucking stupid. Or lazy. Most likely both. Nonetheless, since we were checking facts anyways, we dug a little deeper and came to some stunning revelations. Therefore we would like to offer these additional corrections.

Dogs don't like to be set on fire. Sarah Harmer doesn't have brain herpes. The Pope never once claimed to have kicked the shit out of a South American peasant while drunk on moonshine, and he certainly didn't do it while naked. There is no truth in our earlier assertion that Jean Chrétien can hold up to four billiard balls in his mouth; we only said that because we need the attention. And it turns out that, contrary to numerous reports on our part, the geocentric universal model was discarded as a physical impossibility over three hundred years ago.

Sorry 'bout that, folks. When you've got as little content as we do spread over forty pages, sometimes you've gotta make shit up. PEE Magazine would like to apologize for any debilitating fits of confusion we might have caused our more impressionable readers. Fucking babies.

UPSKIRT

Dinks ahoy:

Metaphors, random thoughts
and Whyte Ave

YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY puts poo in my pie, dead dog balls in my mouth, and makes brain-damaged break-dancers dance breaks in my ass? The Klein government and its legion of jack-boot wearing, teacher-stabbing, solar eclipse causing Whyte Ave cops are the bane of this cowboy's existence.

That's right, folks, it's all-out genocide on our poor long-suffering THC-laced bastions of nirvana—marijuana enemas. Last week, the Klein government broke another promise in the war against intelligence by committing the first date, reach-around-sized fuck-up of slapping a tariff on medicinal pot enemas. All the bum bongers out there clenched ass in terror like Uncle Stockwell at a gay strip search convention, when the cold hammer of weed tax fell.

And rightfully so—if the Boer Wars of the 1800s taught us anything about September 11th, it's that a little green up the poop-chute can only lower crime. I mean who in their RIGHT MIND wants to form a sexy "axis of evil"



after a good hemp flushing and few rhetorical questions?

But hey, if Bill Smith can clone fanged cops with J-walk radar in his basement to surround my favourite booze can, than surely, Ed magazine can be melted down into nicotine or shredded and turned into a paper mache crack whore filled with used needles and razorblades. Only then MIGHT it come close to something resembling "edgy"—something that would make schoolgirls blush and show up at my house in plaid skirts.

I mean, if everyone could look past the wheat fields and oilrigs for a second, they'd realize the biggest threat to global peace isn't Osama, Bush or Darth, but the *Journal's* Food section "advertorials." A misplaced crème broule with a side of malaise can do far more collateral damage than any

doomsday car-bomber.

Well, that's what those in the frostbitten dwarf-toss that is my circle of friends tell me anyway. Oh, and by the way, those same wretched nicotine Nazis have been keeping the old Alberta economy rolling right along by buying pint after pint in order to endure my tales of oral sex and trading NBA rookie cards with the homeless.

Doesn't that make me a pretty decent guy and, at the very least, heir to something more than a beat-up Camaro left over from the Canada Day riot?!? How about a Tony trunk full of Tony Awards, you burly bitches?

When I'm not drinking on Whyte or writing about drinking on Whyte, I break glass hats over these essentially punitive taxes. And then I go back to drinking and fixing my metaphor machine—which, incidentally, the cops on Whyte Ave broke last weekend by dropping it out of the taxpayer purchased police chopper.

It's about time Alberta unzipped it's political dink from it's right-wing overalls and faced reality—nobody ever died from a marijuana enema and sooner or later that chain-smoking, wine-swilling Titanic of a premier will need his own THC rim-job.

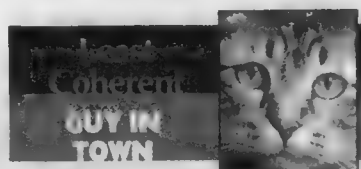
And you can fucking bet I'll be the one firmly priming the colon pump and licking my lips.

Spiders on my face!

This isn't my apartment...

WELL, IT'S OFFICIAL! IT'S gotten to the point that I can no longer skulk down Whyte Avenue for more than five minutes without being accosted by some epileptic homeless person with no face who's wearing a wedding dress that they found in a dumpster. Surely you've seen these people: they travel in packs, arms the size of tree trunks, they try to steal your brains—you know who I'm talking about. Savage byproducts of the Klein government's mind control program, doomed to play out their confused lives writing for an arts weekly. Oh wait; that might be me.

It could just be the unseasonably cold weather, but I think I'm turning into a dimetrodon. Yesterday I woke up with scales all over my body, and the lady at the bank was looking at me sort of funny. What? You've never seen a half-man, half-dinosaur try to cash a piece of cardboard that has "To: me. One million dollars. Love, God" written on it? Fuck. This is a common practice in



Japan, you know. The West has so much to learn about tolerance and embezzlement. And karaoke machines that spit out used panties while you holler "Sweet Home Alabama."

You know what the best part about writing your articles on the database computers at the public library is? That monochrome screen; it really takes me back to those simpler days when I would spend days on end locked in the attic, eating old high school yearbooks and drawing turtle-circles with the LOGO program on my Apple IIe. Type in TR47 F1000000 and watch that little fucker spin. Whoo. Years later, I found out that the computer didn't even have a monitor. Then my ass fell off.

Sometimes I wish I had never found that sack of dead raccoons.

And I certainly shouldn't have used it as a pillow.

Uh oh—I'm running out of steam. I wonder what's under my bed? Hmm... an old pair of socks with a big ball of dust stuck to them. That's not very interesting. Or is it?

There's a lot of history in this pair of socks. I was wearing them when I bought my first spray can of Pam and drank it in a ditch behind Tops Liquor. I was wearing them when Vince Lombardi won the first-ever Super Bowl by beating the Denver Fighting Millionaires singlehandedly with his cock hanging out of his pants. And I was wearing them as I kicked in the window of a 1986 Toyota Supra one time when I was lost in Mill Woods. That's pretty entertaining, I guess.

Have you ever noticed that Guy Lafleur and Peter Weller of *Robocop* fame have never been seen drinking beer at the Grinder together? Also, maybe you could tell me why I don't go to the Urban Lounge anymore. It was like getting drunk in the "Den" section of Ikea without the security bashing your face in with a stylish and affordable Bjørstjøn desk lamp. Stupid punk swedes; my taxes pay your salary! And your coffee tables scratch easily! I wish DEVO was here.

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Somewhere on Whyte ave
Stumble around.
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DED MEAT

insert edgy phrase here

from the lazy ass of
Max Cannon

You know, sometimes when I'm cutting and pasting this cartoon together, I forget to change the text.



You know, sometimes when I'm cutting and pasting this cartoon together, I forget to change the text.



You know, sometimes when I'm cutting and pasting this cartoon together, I forget to change the text.



Next stop: not here

Music fanatic can't read or write

Now that the Queen Mother is dead, along with George Harrison, we can finally focus on less-talented, loveable, and dead artists like Edmonton's own Can-Cer-FASE. The middle-aged trio, originally from Ft. Saskatchewan, likes puppies, long walks, and steel-stringed, slider-thing-sounding, twangy-sad sounds. Expect big things from them if they ever get their drum machine out of the Wainwright pawn shop. I think I'll stop writing entirely in the middle of my thought, and go onto something completely different.

■■■■

Default, Rufus Wainwright, Nelly Furtado, Jesus Jones, Battlestar Galactica, and a bag of chips. On to my next non sequitur thought.

■■■■

Canadian folk-punk masters He-Man and the Rhythm Kings headline next week's Folk Bands Who Work For Nothing show at an Abandoned Warehouse somewhere outside Beaumont. Also present will be Git-tar, Banjo Eardleeders, The Jed Kennedees, and hopefully, Someone With a Really Big Gun. Rock legends Coup d'Pudding declined to attend, apparently because their last show there resulted in their drummer getting crabs from the toilet seat. Adult diapers, boys, use 'em. I do.

■■■■



Lupus-a-Go-Go is set to record the follow up album to their blues opera next Christmas, but don't expect their back catalogue to be released anytime soon. Barney Bentall traded their entire catalogue for a kick-drum and piggyback ride. Bentall now tours as Barney Bentall and the Kick-Drum.

■■■■

Gene Roboneck, my long-time (and now ex-) boyfriend, still misses our long, sweat-drenched walks, and it hurts him so much to come to Edmonton, he can't even remember where it is.

■■■■

March 34, big-time alternative instrumentalists Cole-Of-Rect Tall and Barf Barf Barf began work on their first major cooperation, Lesbian Pirates Set Sail. But, since my gender-indeterminate picture keeps drawing your attention from my pointless ramblings to my lovely profile, I'll stop here after saying: to the girls in New City Putrid Lounge: thanks for picking up my beret. Someone might have hurt themselves.

Why are you barfing?



■ PARAPPA THE RAPPER
■ OLD SCHOOL BEATS,
NEW SKOOL TUBE
■ PLAYSTATIONNE RECORDS

As far as fictional rapping dogs from mid-'90s video games go, there wasn't an electronic MC that could lift a hind leg to the lyrical prowess of Parappa the Rapper. "A chicken in the kitchen is making all the sound / The cake is done while we were sitting around" was the defining mantra of a generation. By the end of the decade, however, Parappa's fortunes had waned like so many other fictional rapping dogs from mid-'90s video games. However, underground re-mixes of "Elea Market" and "Kick!Punch!" kept Parappa in the back of our collective unconscious, until the pixelated assassin could strike at the mic again.

Old School Beats, New Skool Tube is the product of the RZA's production and a hefty list of guest artists. Eminem's human beat-box on "Driver's Test 2002" and Lil Bow Wow's gangster duet

"Pimpin' on a Full Tank" are the best these collaborations have to offer, however. Other songs feel strained as is Parappa seems desperately trying to make up for a bygone era. I guess it just goes to show that you can't teach a fictional rapping dog from the mid-'90s new tricks.

RANDOM HOUSTON

■ SHITTY HOUSTON
■ SIDE PROJECT FEVER
■ GREEN POOPER RECORDS

Local Edmonton chunk-rock riff-raff live up to their namesake with another low-budget, non-major label debacle. What are these guys? One of those local "garage bands" that sleeps in their clothes and has a four-track set up in a dumpster to make "genuine rock?" Although tracks like "I Stole This Riff From Fu Manchu" and "Check Me Out, I Haven't Showered," might boost Shitty's street cred in indieville, it's a far cry from Alt-country purity.

SPF sounds like someone hijacked my balls and threw them in front of a train driven by the drummer from Def Leopard.

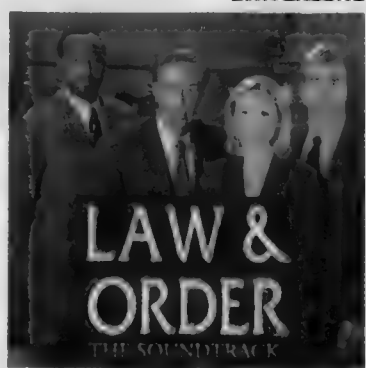
SCOTT GANGLEY

■ VARIOUS ARTISTS
■ LAW & ORDER SOUNDTRACK
■ SPECIAL RECORDS UNIT

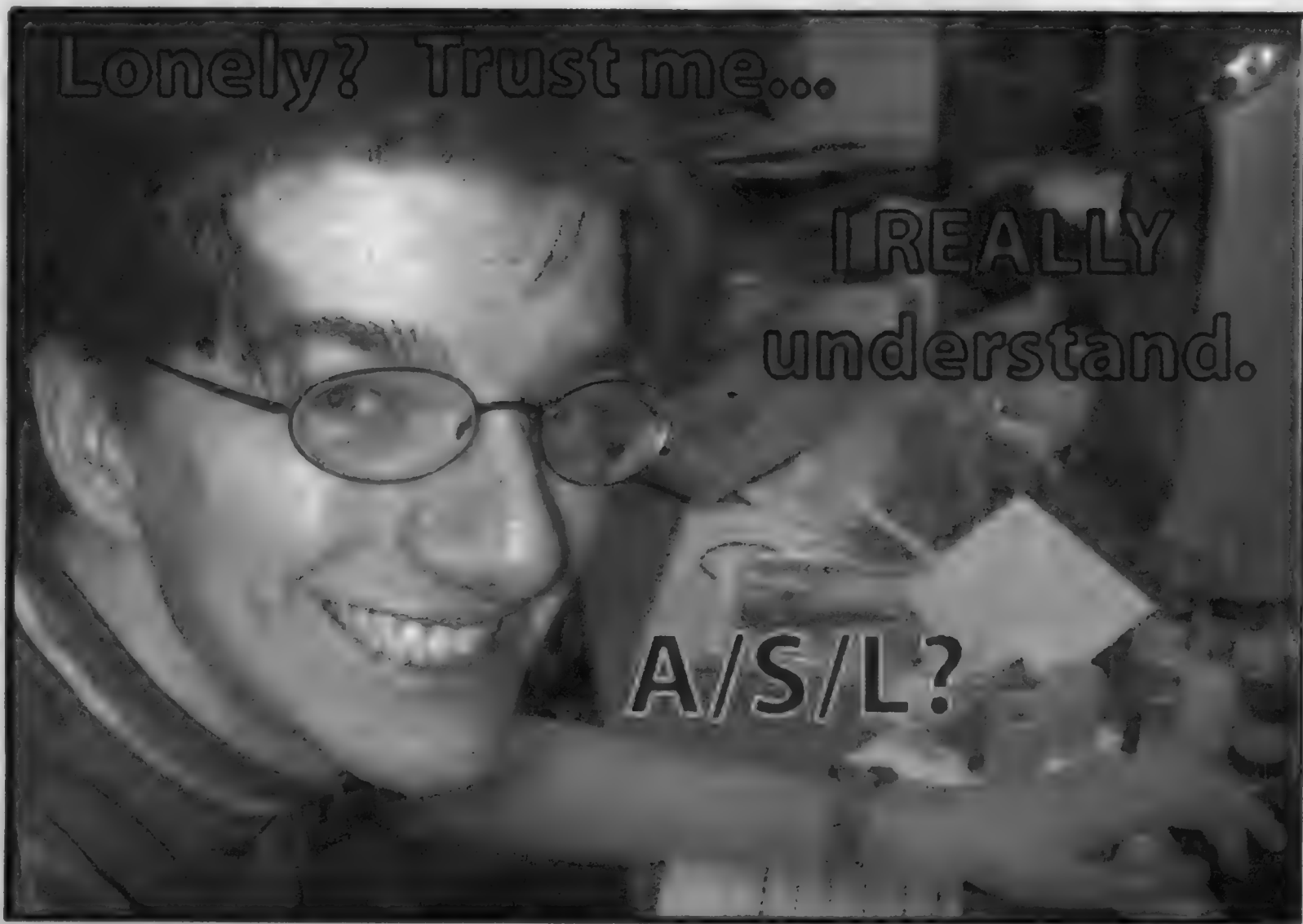
This long-awaited, highly anticipated soundtrack will help you kick your house party into high gear. The disc features Mike Post's powerful and familiar

composition, "Law & Order Theme," from the original series, combined with an eclectic blend of rock that ranges from synth and fake-sounding drum kits to synth and fake electric guitars. The scene-changing gavel-banging noise make numerous, tastefully placed reappearances throughout the disc and are sure to have you hippin' and hoppin'. The album, however, isn't just about funky beats. The more poignant "Law & Order: Special Victims Unit Theme" offers a fresh approach to the original music with some subtle note changes and a moving oboe solo. In contrast, the disc's last track, "Law & Order: Criminal Intent Theme" is tribute to the original, except loaded to the nuts with angst-ridden percussion. There's something on this disc to suit just about anyone's tastes, from die-hard L&O fans to those who just want to keep it real with a little synthesized gavel-banging. Boom!

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Bang the drum, Tommy

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we have to cover him

TOMMY CRABCLAW

With Furnaceface

Friday, April 22

St. Gabriel's Elementary School

"I THINK SPACE IS A FUNNY puppy."

These are the first words out of nouveau-funk modern noise-man Tommy Crabclaw, who I met in the midst of his Tommy Go Bye Bye tour. The slightly challenged 15-year-old Leduc pop-country classic rock artist has come a long way since his early days banging a pot-lid with a wooden spoon in Alberta Hospital (Ponoka) to an audience of pants-shitting slack-jawed hydrocephalic music fans.

"Me used to have pots. Where pots now? Now me use drums. Guitar just natural progression," he said.

His sloping brow gives away his true musical inspiration: mental deficiency.

"Mom said me stupid, so me should be quiet. Me say 'No!' and bang on lid more. Mom said 'no pots. Too loud,' give me guitar with no strings. Me go 'nerr! Nerr-nerr! Doddle-doodle-drwere!'"

These sounds are the basis of Crabclaw's new album, *Bad Day Zoo Bad Me Bed Now*. Released through Epitaph, it's a collection of Crabclaw's screaming fits and musical experiments, as recorded by the microphone in his cell.

Originally released as a joke by interns at the mental institution, the site and its music received a



Wouldn't you like to run your tongue up and down that treasure trail?

surprising amount of hits, one of which was Epitaph executive Ted Bloome.

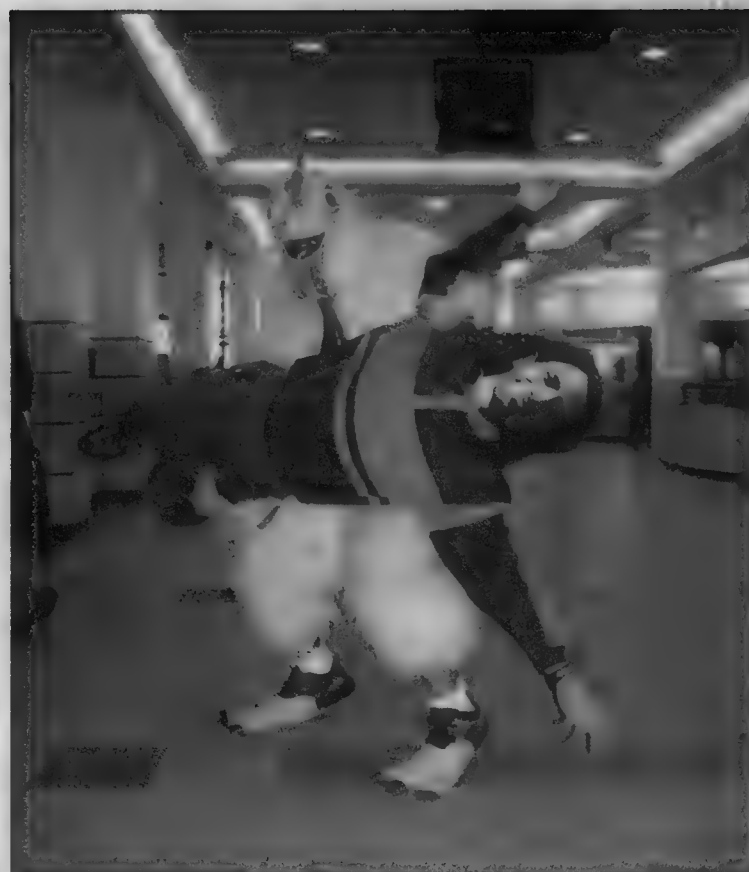
"One time, mom said 'phone,' or 'man on phone,' and Mr. Phone say 'me like you funny noise on internet and so I give money,'" said Crabclaw. "Mom say OK, I say OK, history is rest of NO NO NO NO," said Crabclaw, terrified by my green-grey t-shirt.

But the album will never do justice to Crabclaw's stage presence. Violent hand gestures and deep knee bends are what fans of the up-and-coming indie-artist have come to love, and with a dancing style completely independent of the music he's playing, he keeps the audience ready to rock or run. While playing "Kitty Nice Nice," a quiet, introspective piece about Cat, his first cat, Crabclaw can be seen jumping and strong-arming the guitar with full windmill swings which manage to gently caress the strings, while during harder songs such as "No Bed, Mom! NO BED!" his seeming motionlessness almost denies the fact that he is in complete rock mode.

Other band members, though seemingly inanimate and only able to talk to Crabclaw when he held them up to his ear, had good things to say about his writing and singing skills. Fluff-man, a quiet, non-emotive backup guitarist/bunny, said Tommy was "really pretty." When asked what sort of challenges he had in playing a plastic guitar that his soft, fingerless hands never seemed to touch, he flew from Tommy's hand towards my lumbering bulk, knocked himself unconscious on the wall behind me, and laid there for the rest of the interview.

Jimmy, a wooden spoon with obvious bitemarks and eyes drawn on with a felt pen, refused to comment from his face-down position in the corner of Crabclaw's padded room.

Apart from this album, Crabclaw has also collaborated unsuccessfully with bands such as Spirit of the West, Cake, Roger Miller (despite his death in 1987) and James Dean, who, according to Tommy, "Sings pretty with words and fighting."



(stink)_n.

WHO: Big Yellow Chicken, AKA Incoming University of Alberta President, Mike Hendema

WHERE: The Students' Union Building.

CLOTHES: Chicken suit from Value Village (\$5), Armani silk tie (\$900), lack of self-respect (priceless).

HAIR: I get my feathers fluffed at Les Plume. I simply adore that place!

STYLE: Mardi Gras with a message, the message being that I look ridiculous. I am trying to subvert the corporate emphasis on "taste", "subtlety", and "not sweating grossly."

INTO: Storming BOG meetings, eating ballots, and occupying offices. My hobbies include getting up at dawn to crow, picking up chicks, and attempting to overthrow the pecking order. Now if you'll excuse me, it's time for a little spring cleaning.

Get Layton-ed!

Outspoken speaker speaks out too much

NAME: Boob Layton

KNOWN FOR: Semi-coherent rambling "editorial comments" as something-or-other over at 630 CHED.

WHAT'S NEXT: Hookers are murdering pets on the floor of the Canadian Senate... and you're paying for it. When I was a kid, sure we solved arguments with our fists. But now, young toughs are hitting the elderly over the head with hammers.

MAILBAG WEDNESDAY: One listener writes in that the parliament buildings in Ottawa should be closed and parliament should be held in a church basement at half the cost... hmmm. Another informs the newsroom that my voice is inducing seizures... Good Point.

FAQ
FOOLISHLY ASKED QUESTIONS

FAVOURITE PASTTIME: Everybody seems to have an opinion on fluoride in the water, but you need a license to own a dog.

IN THE CD PLAYER RIGHT

NOW: A compilation of lullabies sung by Dave Rutherford and Bryan Hall.

FAVOURITE COLOUR: A survey informs us that beer sales are up here in "Glug"monton. At this rate we'll need two more crime-copters by the time the Whyte Ave Dominion Day demolition derby roles around. Make it fly.



Li'l Booby Layton

WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH BRYAN HALL: Gym teachers shouldn't get a raise. Most of them are pricks.

PERFECT MEAL: Truncation is an idea that's time has come.

GUILTY PLEASURE: We cannot allow the robots to capture the city. Hop to it, Earthmen.

LARRY GOWAN

An evening with

martina sorbara
(Netwerk)

martina sorbara
the cure for bad deeds



with guest
Ann Vriend

Friday April 26th, 2002

Doors @ 8pm

Tickets: \$6 advance, \$7 door

available @ the Plant or SUB Info Desk

No Minors

PowerPlant
A Service of Your Students' Union for U of A students, staff, alumni and guests



PEE Magazine/Lady Boss and Emma Shot

PUTTING THE 'FUN' BACK IN FUNERAL

Last Saturday, we hung out with cry babies who lost their parents in a car accident.

Clockwise from top left: Johnny Aldbar, rebel son and general all-around bastard; Samantha Louise Carpenter, sweet sweet child of really fucking dead parents, with Johnny; Dr Lawrence Carpenter, husband of Samantha (draft dodger); Samantha crying, again. Poor baby...



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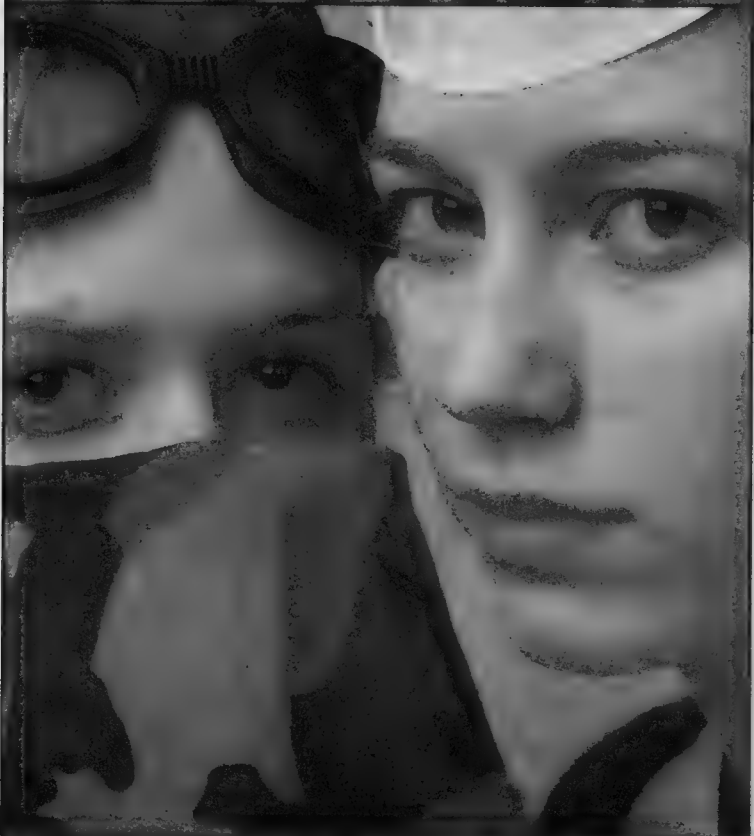


The Engineering and Technical Services Cluster
An initiative of the Greater Edmonton Competitiveness Strategy

LOOKING GREAT

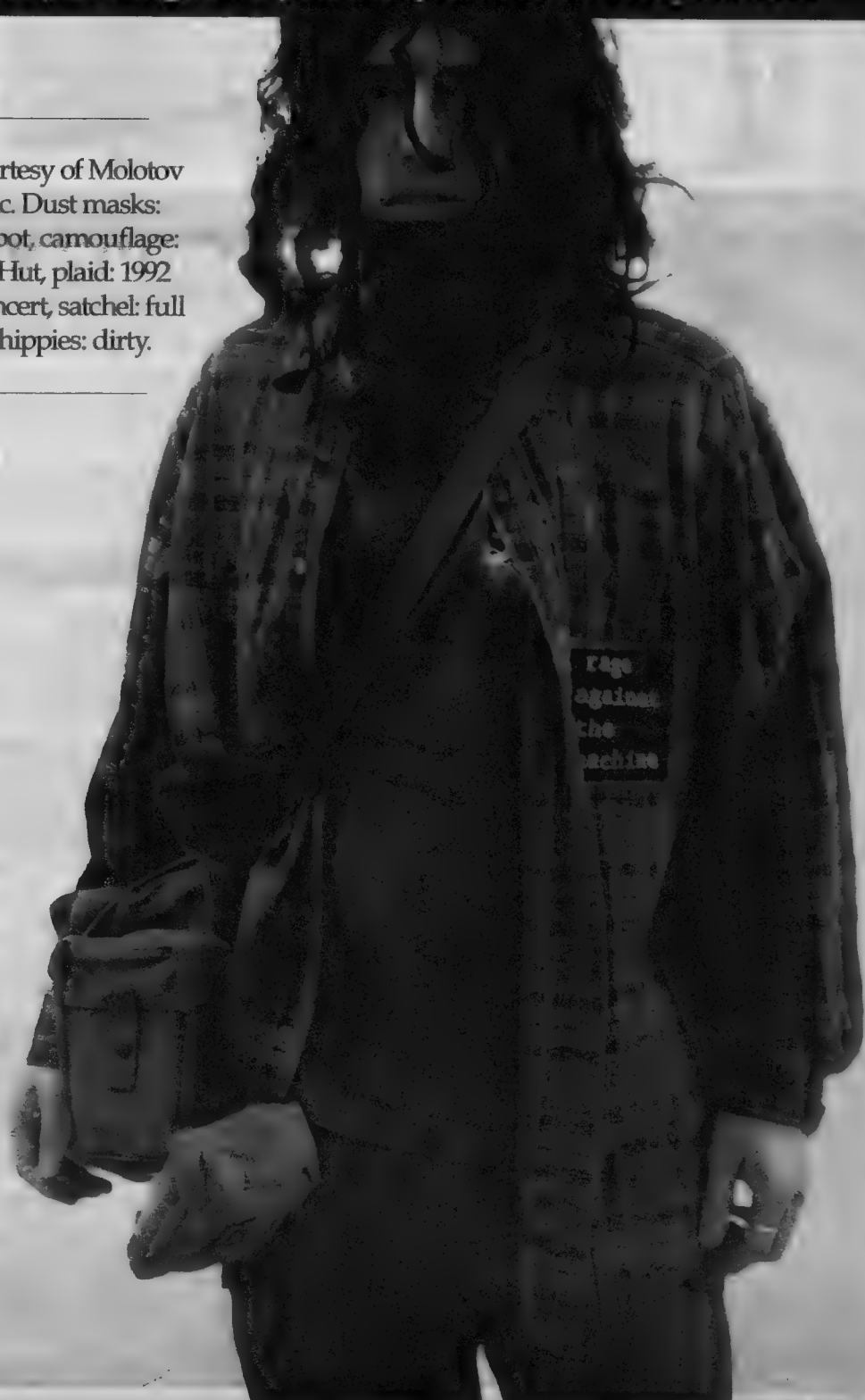
AT THE

G8



The question on every young activist's mind this summer is "What are you wearing to the G8 protest?" *PEE* has the answer with a look at this season's answer to both global corporatization and corporate globalization. Whether you're fired about big business or just hangin' for pleasure, you need to look your best.

Models courtesy of Molotov Design Inc. Dust masks: Home Despot, camouflage: the Army Hut, plaid: 1992 Nirvana concert, satchel: full of weed, hippies: dirty.



YAWNSCREEN

Kane licks

Not a single laser vampire to be found in this boring old shitfest

CITIZEN KANE

Now playing
Starring Orson Welles and Mothra
Famous Players
★ (out of five)

CITIZEN KANE STARTS OUT well enough. We see a large gothic castle towering over a ramshackle estate, setting us up for something that never comes. We expect vampires, and we only get an dying old man. Snore.

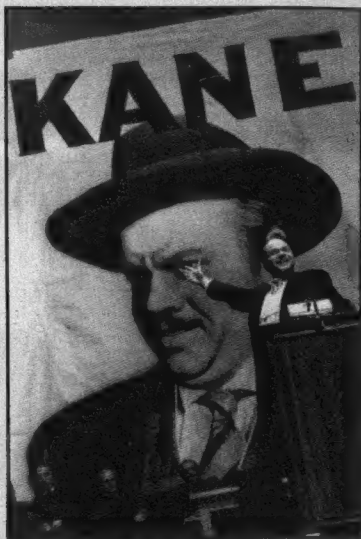
Is the man some sort of middle earth wizard? Nope. Is he only dying so that his brain can be removed from his body to then be put in an exact clone of himself, therefore creating a situation where he is always questioning his own identity? Nope. Is he a mad scientist ready to unleash his army of robots on the unsuspecting bear population of the world, creating an international state of disorder? Nope again. This guy is just rich and boring.

The main flaw of the film is the fact that it focuses on the inner character dilemma of a man who has too much power and how the lust for power eats away at his soul. I don't have to tell you how boring this is. It would have been fine if there had been a bunch of archetypal space rebels out to stop him, or if Kane was creating

some sort of deathray to destroy the entire universe. All that we see is the rise and fall of one man. No explosions or witty one-liners like, "Hasta la vista, Kaney," or "Rosebud my ass! I'm going to kill somebody!"

My friends told me that I needed to see *Citizen Kane* on the big screen to truly appreciate it. A movie that needs to be seen on the big screen is more than just a movie; it's an experience. I plan my life around these experiences. When *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace* came out, I my hopes were so high that when I found out the movie was not, in fact, the visual equivalent to high-grade heroin, I fell into a massive depression which was only relieved by *Lord of the Rings*. I was so pumped about *Citizen Kane* that the experience was similar. I went in needing my cinematic hit, but came out with the realization that my friends are total fucking idiots.

Yes, the movie has amazing cinematography. Yes, the acting is fabulous. Yes, the whole thing is groundbreaking, blah, blah, blah. Who cares if the acting is good—no one even gets shot! What good is brilliant cinematography if there are no space dragons or laser orcs? Who cares if some stupid camera techniques



Hey, great poster, Orson; too bad your movie eats dinks.

are pioneered—the only thing this movie pioneered was the art of standing around and being boring.

I know a lot of people have probably told you that this movie is worth going to see. Personally, I liked Orson Welles' later work better, like when he was the voice of Unicron, the evil planet devourer, in *Transformers: The Movie*. My advice is to save the four bucks you would have spent at the Metro, add nine more dollars and go see *Blade II* at Silver City. At least *Blade* has lots of shiny things, a bunch of fast things, and then some more shiny things followed by cool things, monsters and that big boom. And fire. Ka-pow! Cool.

STOUT NERDLY

Barrymore=hot

But not as hot as me: Very Sasano

REQUIEM FOR A BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Starring Robocop and Paul Anka
Cineplex Odeon

★★★★★ (out of five)

REQUIEM FOR A BEAUTIFUL Dreamer is a touching romp through pain and elation. The opening minutes of the film touched me so deeply that I felt my ovaries crying hot tears down my fallopian tube. I was gripped as a filmmaker, a woman, and a writer ... did I mention I'm a filmmaker?

Drew Barrymore—I loved her in *Charlie's Angels*—is both thrilling and poignant as the cocaine-addicted cancer victim who is being stalked by her ex-boyfriend. While I realize that I'll probably never know Barrymore on a personal level, I really do think of her as a friend and confidant—I just wish she would start answering my letters sometime soon.

I really thought that the one where I told her about the time my friend Lucy shoplifted and I wasn't allowed to see her any more would get to her, but maybe she saw that episode of *Degrassi* too and knows I'm lying. God I love her—her hair, her eyes, her huge, heaving bosom ...

Yeah, so anyway, her performance really reminded me of my second cousin Julie, whose orange sweater looks a lot like the one Barrymore was wearing in the last scene. Why won't that bitch lend me that sweater?

This film is a celebration of the beauty of ordinary life, yet at the same time a glorious exploration of myth. Its *Dogma 95*—if you don't know what that is, you probably don't deserve to be reading this review—sensibilities bring this film to an intellectual level far above the average drug addict-disease-thriller. Of course,

you might not understand it but I do because I'm really smart and far more intellectually and emotionally mature than you are.

Director Farce Von Trigger's uncompromising eye for detail strips the film of the cosmetic trickery of modern cinema, thereby creating a statement on the connectedness and disconnectedness of human beings.

I never saw his first drama, *The Sweetheart Machine*, but I'm told it's pretty much exactly the same as this one. He's such a genius.

This is exactly the kind of movie any drug-addicted, disease-ridden, stalker victim would make if she had the budget. The underlying trope—I found that one in the dictionary—is "not being famous but desperately wanting to be famous." I really related to this movie.

It's a lot like the time I went for coffee with that boy in grade eleven and he spilled his double mocha latté in my lap. I'll never forget the feeling of the hot, wet espresso sliding over my thighs ... what was I writing about? Oh yes, myself. I just feel that writing is just the most wonderful gift in the whole wide world and I'm going to keep doing it forever, until I get famous somewhere else.

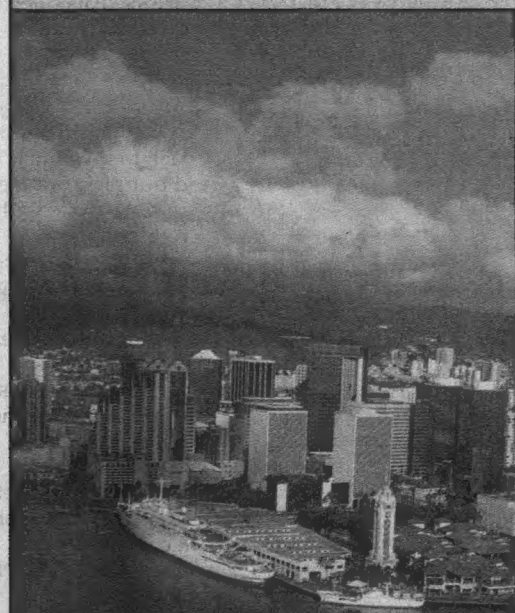
The part where Barrymore loses both her hands and has to type love letters to her boyfriend in the war with her stumps especially made me appreciate the gift of my own lovely little fingers. What would I do without you my ittie-bittie sweeties, hmm?

It's hard to say what the point of this movie is so I won't even try to explain it; let's just say that it feels nothing like a visit from the Disappointment Bear. Besides, it should be enough for you to know that I liked it and if you don't like it you're stupid.

VERY SASANO!

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Clowns with coins

Who says a pop machine can't make dinner?

THE COKE MACHINE

Basement Fine Arts Building,
University of Alberta
Price Range: ★★★★★
Value: ★★★★★
Food: ★★★★★
Service: ★★★★★
Overall: ★★★★★ 1/2 (out of five)

AFTER TREATING OURSELVES to the FABulous Living Mannequins in Hats exhibit at the FAB gallery, the Scooby Review Gang decided that some refreshments would be in order. Luckily, we happened to stumble upon The Coke Machine in the basement of the Humanities Building on the beautiful University of Alberta campus.

Sitting happily between a vending machine that dispenses sandwiches and another that pours coffee, The Coke Machine caught our eyes with its warm and inviting reddish glow. The seamless fusing of kitschy Coca-Cola insignia with the ultra-modern design of the machine makes for a very "Jetsons-ish" experience, creating the illusion that you are ordering your drinks from some sort of bartender robot. Adding to the futuristic loungey feel of the place are nearby padded benches that look as if they came right off the post-apocalyptic set of *The Road Warrior*. We were also impressed by the aesthetically pleasing

placement of the establishment directly below a flight of stairs. Touches like these are what make the atmosphere at The Coke Machine very cutting-edge, and just plain fun.

After perusing the expansive and strictly vegetarian menu, we decided to go as broad as we could: a light Sprite appetizer to share, with a classic Coca-Cola for myself, iced tea for Ray, and Five-Alive for the ever-health-conscious Suzette as entrees. To our delight, we found that ordering at The Coke Machine is a good time in and of itself. After inserting our change into the machine, we each had an opportunity to push a large novelty button shaped, amusingly, exactly like our menu item of choice. While this DIY process was a tricky concept to grasp initially, we soon found that the physical contact with the machine made for an extremely sensual and liberating experience.

With a loud bump, our appetizer materialized in front of us before we could even find a place to sit. The Sprite was crisp and refreshing, and served in an ice-cold container. As we passed around the can, Ray commented that the clean flavour of the crystal-clear liquid, in combination with its light carbonation, made my ass look fat. Not recognizing this as an insult until re-reading my notes much later, I enthusias-

tically agreed.

With our appetites thoroughly piqued, we started in on our ample main dishes. My classic Coca-Cola was hearty and comforting, arriving as quickly and as delightfully cold as the appetizer had. The thick beverage delicately balanced its sweetness with an acidic undertone that added an air of freshness. The perfect amount of carbonation kept the caramel syrup from feeling too heavy, and I could definitely taste the real sugar (unlike those god-awful aspartame-ridden diet drinks). The collectible red can was the icing on the cake.

Ray was equally pleased with his iced tea, stylishly updated with a twist of lemon, praising its sophistication and freshness. Not to be outdone, Suzette gave her citrus-enhanced Five-Alive an enthusiastic thumbs-up, commenting on its "juiciness." The blue and yellow Five-Alive can proved to be a gorgeous complement to the drink's exotic flavour.

As an afterthought, I decided to order a large Fruitopia Strawberry Passion Awareness for dessert (partly because I wanted to review one more item, but mainly because I have an UNDYING THIRST). The sweet, fruity beverage was all that I had hoped for, and more. Its delicious strawberry-goodness topped off the meal perfectly, without being excessively sugary. I was tempted to order another but, sensing this, the rest of the Scooby Gang quickly led me away.

All in all, The Coke Machine is an extremely pleasurable dining experience.

DILBERT BLOWHARD

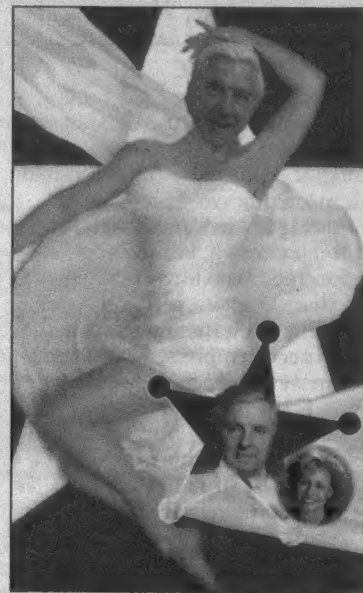
Towels Afoul

Bathhouse worse than smelting gonorrhea

THE BEST LITTLE BATHHOUSE ON JASPER AVE

Until January 3007, 8 p.m., Children's Matinee Saturday 2 p.m.
Minefield Dinner Theatre
(try the veal!)

Tickets: \$20, \$0 studs,
\$15 seniors
Cast: A has-been comic playing Leslie Nielsen as Big Moe, Mayor Bill Smith as Bubbles the vice squad chief, and Lorraine Mansbridge as herself
Directed by: Glaucoma Alexander
★★★★ 1/2 (out of 5)



Neilsen spreads, yet again.

SITTING AT MY TABLE, I, that's right, me, the theatre reviewer, was nibbling on my entrée, when I was suddenly captivated by a well-oiled vision of theatrical perfection. Through the cloyingly steamy mist emerged Claude Valpart, the manager of the infamous local bathhouse, Soap de la Rope. A vision in a terry robe and flip-flops, the greasy Adonis broke into the opening number, "Hard Spanking Bitches." This and other numbers, such as "Sweaty Hands," are timeless melodies too good for the shower, but just right for the bathhouse.

Glaucoma Alexander, director of Fringe hits *Pigz* and *Zeno's Deli Style Sandwiches*, applies her bawdy style to *The Best Little Bathhouse on Jasper Ave*, making it nothing short of delectable. The performers are equally scrumptious, a buffet of local stars whose cultural connection to the material allows for performances that are seasoned to perfection.

The story opens in the madness of an Edmonton newsroom. After getting a lead on the hottest spa in town, plucky morning news reporter, Lorraine Mansbridge (as herself) ventures into the abandoned wastes of downtown to find Soap de la Rope. Expecting the latest chapter of the Eveline Charles salon, the spunky weekend anchor has the hairspray scared out of her when it is revealed that the bathhouse is the steamiest place this side of Calgary.

Managed by Claude Valpart (Leslie Nielsen), a benevolent entrepreneur, Soap de la Rope is an Edmonton sporting institution, established during the boom of the "City of Champions" period as a place for the athletic elite to unwind, clear the pores, and enjoy the pleasures of male bonding. Nowadays, with the all-time low in local teams' success, the sport to be had at the bathhouse is more popular than ever.

The role of the "cheeky" Valpart breathes new life into Nielsen, whose career had grown flaccid of late. Live theatre has given Nielsen a slap on the ass in the right direction. The sticky situation of his on-stage romance with Chief Bubbles (Smith) creates more steam than the set's omnipresent fog machines.

Shocked by her discovery and miffed to have missed out on a complimentary avocado facial, Mansbridge takes up a crusade to cleanse her fair city of the sordid bathhouse like so much apricot

scrub. The only thing standing in her way is the chief of the local vice squad, Skip Mariner (Wil Wheaton), a prominent member of the law who has been a cherished customer of the bath's manager, Claude Valpart, since his first pee wee hockey game.

With a slippery conflict escalating between the moralistic opinions of the weekend news watching demographics and the sporting/gentlemen's club enthusiasts, Chief Mariner is caught in the mud-slinging crossfire. The show comes to a climax when Mariner must decide whether he should follow his heart and keep Claude Valpart's afloat, or succumb to Mansbridge's unfalteringly perky tactics, and pull the plug.

Mansbridge's character is definitely a departure from her well-established antiseptic TV persona. Wheaton as well, trades in his traditional cowpoke gear for a character filled with as much spunk as his custom-designed Bob Mackie thong. These characters may be visiting a bathhouse, but they sure aren't getting any cleaner.

Inspired by the emotional greased lightning of Mansbridge and Wheaton's performances, my mind drifted back to my Dutch childhood...and puppies, puppies like the ones I used to frolic with as a lad in the red light district of Amsterdam. Aaah...sweet forgotten youth. There was nothing I liked eating more during my youth than moist chocolate cake... and there's plenty of melt-in-your-mouth chocolatey goodness to be had on the Mayfield's dinner menu. Damn that cake is good.

Though somewhat overshadowed by the meal—and its sweet, sweet cake—the evening's performance was still a delightfully raunchy way to spend two hours.

And those collectible dinner theatre glasses are simply to die for. A Mansbridge for your milk or a Wheaton for your Whiskey is nice way to take the heat off all of your cups with former M*A*S*H actor on them. I know I sleep better at night knowing a local news anchor is sharing my cupboard shelf space with Jamie Farr.

KEVIN TERMINATOR X

RestorRant REVIEWS

Café Moronics

Shyte Ave, walking distance of my office. A tiny little dive on Shyte Ave., Café Moronics offers up enough tofu and granola burritos to choke a beached hippie. The languishing, "hip" décor hardly provides a good place for a family breakfast, and is more suited for some kind of ragamuffin artist rather than a hungry person.

Overall Rating: 1/2

MacRonaldo's

Almost Everywhere! WOW! Perfect place for the discerning diner on the go, this fabulous chain serves of a hot and heart platter of Americana that can satiate even the pickiest palate. From the traditional hamburger, to the highly inventive "MacBigg" (with their savoury "special sauce"), MacRonaldo's service is always fast, friendly, and always top-notch. Complete with neat toys from the latest Disney movie, you can't dare to miss this dining opportunity. Remember, the smile is always free, so don't forget to ask for a full refund if they forget it.

Overall Rating: ★★

Random Ethnic Cuisine Franchise

A number of locations
Ethnic cuisine at its finest. Somewhere, apparently south of us, is an exotic land of mystery known

as Mexico, which it has some of the most inoffensive foreign food around. With traditional fare like the "Big Mexican Burger," or the "Big Mexican Hotdog," this Ethnic Food Franchise brings a little bit of "Mexico" right here to Edmonton. The décor is appropriate, with various "Mexican" items lying around and attached to the walls, like ever so humorous large hats. It was a little disappointing to see that all the waiters are locals though, but they assured me that the real Mexicans worked in the back, just like at the original restaurant. How authentic!

Overall Rating: ★★

Bob's Sport's Pub

Stumble around your neighbourhood... you'll find it. Bob's specializes in free appetizers, beer and fancy sports memorabilia. While this reviewer might not be hip on sports, even I was impressed to see Don Sweeney's shin guard hanging on the wall. From the zesty buttered popcorn, to the to-die-for peanuts, Bob really knows how to dish out the free food. I almost felt criminal not paying for it. For a special treat, try the pickled eggs with pepper and salt.

Overall Rating: ★★

Saint Sneaky McFilthy's

4903 Truckers Drive
While the menu may be small, this place offers up a sumptuous lunchtime taco buffet at a low price. Unfortunately, its dinnertime fare is a little disappointing, but then again most people go to

watch the unshaven rig monsters whip loonies with reckless abandon. The love spray in the men's room vending machine makes for a nice desert.

Overall Rating: ★★ 1/2

Eat-Till-You-Die

The Suburbs
Wow! Most restaurants demand that you pay for exactly what you eat, but not at this avant-garde restaurant where the tyrannical connection between price and quantity are thrown away. Not only can you eat as much as you want, you have a surprising variety of foods to choose from. From authentic Chinese fare (fortune cookies included), to Ukrainian cuisine or their fantastic burgers, they have it all at Eat-Till-You-Die. The best part would have to be the ice cream: I got brain freeze.

Overall Rating: ★★

International House of UnderCooked Fish

The Centennial strip-mall.
Roll the culinary dice and play ringworm roulette at the IHUF, where it's not quite cooked, but it sure as hell ain't sushi. All you can eat shrimp will have you puking before getting out the door, but the ambience will keep you coming back. Sundays and Thursdays are when they clean the bathrooms, so you don't need to bring a bucket. Also try the braised cod pancakes for an intestinal adventure.

Overall Rating: ★

Pucker up, Bro

I gave my brother a cleansing, yo

FROM 1985 UNTIL 1995, I HAD a brother named Fred. He was cranky and mean and didn't like anyone but me. In 1992, Fred suddenly became SEVERELY constipated. I took Fred to the doctor. The doctor said Fred had impacted bowels. She ordered a stool softener, prescription cat food, and, to get things moving along again right away, she gave Fred an enema.

We also discussed the possibility of me giving Fred his



enemas at home, instead of having the Doctor do it. The doctor instructed me in the correct method for administering an enema to my brother.

She told me to get a ready-to-use mineral oil enema at the

drug store, and selected a two-pack of Fleet Mineral Oil enemas. When I got to the counter to pay, I suddenly became VERY self-conscious and embarrassed. I quickly left with my purchase, and headed home to await the arrival of my best friend, Ed, with just his butt sticking out of one end, in order to avoid being clawed or bitten. We wrapped Fred up in a towel. Even though he was restrained by the towel, Fred put up a terrible fight. He struggled and hissed and growled as we attempted to give him the enema.

Then, Fred did something which caught both of us by surprise. With Houdini-like ease, he gave a little twist, and suddenly, where once his butt had been, his

head and front paws now stuck out!

It was hopeless. Fred was simply not going to allow us to give him the enema.

I tried a different approach. The next day, while Fred was sitting on the dining room table looking very relaxed and trusting, I made my move.

I approached him calmly and slowly. I praised him and stroked his head, and at the same time I, uh, inserted the nozzle on the enema. Fred seemed to be okay with all of this. I gave the plastic bottle a squeeze. Then I gave it another squeeze. So far so good. Then, all of a sudden, Fred seemed to panic. I was horrified. As Fred ran away, mineral oil shot out of his ass, spraying me, the

dining room table, the walls, the floor, everything.

I was left with the biggest case of the heebie-jeebies I ever had. Fred was oily and furious. He retreated to the safety and comfort of his litter box. I knew it was best to leave him alone for awhile. I felt just awful.

Not only that, but he completely recovered. He was able to go on a regular basis. It was an intestinal miracle! He didn't have any more booty trouble!

Then, an amazing thing happened. Fred went! Fred the brother lived another three years with no more intestinal distress. Sadly, he disappeared under mysterious circumstances in 1996, and is presumed dead.

And now you know.

CLASSYBRIDES

ARTIST TO ARTIST

Hey Van Gogh, your paintings look like the remnants of a Victorian sneeze rag. Get a real job you dead bastard. Rob Bateman.

Director/Producer/Cameraman seeking females between the ages of 18-24 for a sexy, sexy thriller movie. Experience as a mud wrestler and/or lesbian a plus, but not required. 487-3877.

I can tell you're an old soul by the depth of your work. Highschool can be such a stifling environment...so labeling. Would you like to come back to my place so that I can show you my etchings? How old are you again?

Filming a Brand Name beer commercial next Friday. We need Cast and Crew. All interested must bring their own beer. Kegs preferred. Call Frank or Kim at 286-8675 or drop by Phi Delta Gamma HOLA Aruba House between the times of 3pm to 6am. BTW: We're TV producers.

FOR MUSICIANS
Blowjobs
More sex than you can handle
Low cut tank tops Whorish

makeup
70% STD Free
Hot, hot monkey sex by a lusty, experienced groupie.
Jenn 875-2397

Local male rapper wanted to shut the fuck up. No one likes your music, you come from Edmonton and to top it all off, you're white nerd who lives in his mother's basement. Get a clue, and then a life.

BIGNEW MOON Entertainment still seeking two males with beautiful asses for lead roles in our upcoming Spring Musical production, "Beans, Beans and More Beans." Orgasmic enjoyment derived from eating beans a plus.

Crazy old lady who can't sing or really play the guitar seeking professionally minded musicians to help fulfill dreams of grandeur. Failing that, a job would be nice.

15 year old rapper seeking bitches and ho's for my first video. It'd be cool if you could bring drugs and booze along or even pick me up from my parents place and take me somewhere cool.

Call MC-D Jay at 387-8573. If an old man or woman answers, ask for Jimmy.

Crazy old man wanted to provide vocal samples of his rambling thoughts for Techno/Trance group.

Singer/Songwriter looking for ideas. Come on, someone help me out! I'm dying here!

Bassist needed. Must enjoy not getting any chicks and Primus. 555-1482

All male band seeking sexy chick to make us profitable. Singing ability not required.

Rock? ROCK! I want to rock. ROCK! I want to ROCK! I also want a song-writing partner. Call Phil at 492-5068

Do you like covers? Neither do we. Do you like starving to the tune of Zappa-esque Jazz projects? Call Lester 555-8382

Skin Flute Lessons. Learn how to grab that shaft and make beautiful music. Call mark at 555-8888. Bring a friend.

Banjo Lessonz. Must know how to skweel like a pig.

Come on down to the green house with no garage and a broken window in Onoway. Ask for Jethro.

Behold the deep resonance of the Oboe. Bow down before it and call Luther. 555-6372

Hokey Pokey lessons by world renowned, Classical Hokey Pokey dance instructor, Javier Arubus-cominacardinal. \$100 per hour, no amputees.

Don't know how to dance in the clubs? Buy me beer and I'll reveal to you the art of Drunken Spaz Thrashing. Call Nick at 549-5766.

Hey ladies, joining ballroom dance club could cure your blues. 555-9034

Hey guys, joining a ballroom could cure your blue balls. 555-9034

Looking for instruction on Horizontal Lambada. What goes where? Call 492-7308. My marriage depends on it.

Part-time dancer, full-time welder seeks position with legitimate dance troupe. I'm a maniac, maniac, that's for sure.

I'm a private dancer, a

dancer for money, and I'll do what you want me to do. I'm also now about 65-years-old.

Is your dance like sunshine on a cloudy day? Do you have the power within you? Play me. I'm a dance dance revolution machine.

A Relaxing, Erotic, Geriatric massage. Privately owned. Just come down by 97th and 118th Ave and I'll show you a hip-breakingly rowdy good time.

DO YOU WANT A HAND-JOB? Call the U of A Faculty of Rehabilitative Medicine.

A "Relaxing" "Swedish" "massage" Private, clean apartment. Call "Darlene" at 555-0336

I fell in the shower and I can't get up. Call 9-11.

The Zodiacal Liberation Front needs YOU! Those who tell us that being an Aries doesn't mean shit are oppressing our minds. We need action now, before the moon goes into wane and Saturn enters Uranus

The Wall Support Foundation looking for concrete. That and friends. Lots of

friends.

Dungeons and Dragons Guild of Friends seeking a level 12 Elf Warrior. Must have a +8 sword of swinging to slay the Dragon of Griffon-Henge. Dwarves need not apply.

I need some AWESOMELY motivated individuals to hold my bags while I go through Taiwanese customs. Call Tsingtei "The Blade" Kwan at 555-SMAK for more information.

Hundreds and hundreds of gym teachers required. Must have own whistle-key chain. Please call Alberta learning 555-3412

Volunteers needed to give me money. I live in a van down by the river.

The Black Serbian Transgenders' Society is holding its first meeting on Friday, April 12 in the basement of Pedro's Bowling Alley on 83rd Avenue. Hors d'oeuvres will be served. Bring tap shoes. Cape optional.

Has anyone seen my pants? If so, please call me at home cuz I can't go out till I find them.

You have what it takes to care. Talk to me. I am lonely.ca

Real live female models needed. If you're dead, don't come.

I just made a model of this 1957 T-Bird and I painted it red and it's SO FUCKING COOL!!! I used a toothpick to dab the glue onto the steering wheel so it looks good and now Timmy Masterson can suck my dick because I'm better than him. Yeah!

Male 30 looking for 48 DDD lady to smother him in love—literally.

There's a hole in my heart where a bullet of disappointment went. If you can put up with flakey shit, give me a jingle. Call Gene at 555-6764

M/W/M seeks 18-year-old nympho to make my unrealistic fantasies come true. Life's sweet as a accounts payable manager, you can come along for the saucy ride. Call Warren 911-3937

Are you a potter? Me too. That's so, I don't know, interesting. Yeah. Wow. Barb 555-5429

S/W/F wants lots of casual sex. Just please don't call it that. Jen 555-9286

Fuck man, that's sick.

The girl in the green sweater and khakis who I saw just outside of Lush on Tuesday night. Why did you run away? I'm really a nice, unassuming guy. Call me at 555-2974. No-Pants Man.

You: girl w/ backpack. Me: guy with coffee cup. Why do you think you're too good to say hi. I hear you laughing with your friends. Are you under a voodoo curse? Do you need saving?

Saw you hitting on my girlfriend in Nashville's last night. You bastard! I'm gonna smash your ugly face in! Meet me outside of Nashville's tomorrow and don't bring any friends.

Heavy, balanced, and hand made with that tender love and care.

Call "Frat Guy"

1-800-KEG-BARF



